This picture was taken at the New Wilmington Conference. All here under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society.
Standing, right to left—Lorena B. Taylor, Mable Stewart, Helen J. Martin, Mary R. Copeland, Ruth M. Proctor, Luella Denny, Mary Frances Herron, Mary Jane McKnight, Theresa Brownlee, Margaret A. Rogers, Elsie Grove, Frances M. Patton.

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THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN and SAYO ABYSSINIA

CENTRAL THOUGHT

"AND THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM SHALL BE PREACHED IN ALL THE WORLD FOR A WITNESS UNTO ALL NATIONS; AND THEN SHALL THE END COME." FROM THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW. 24:14.

TOPICS FOR STUDY.

The Work of Other Missions in the Sudan. By G. A. SOWASH. D. D.

The Adventures of an Iron Donkey. By AULORA R. McINTYRE.

The Evangelical Church in the Sudan. By TEWFIK GAYYID.

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The Southern Sudan. By JOHN M. McCLEERY, M. D.

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In the Clinic. By BLANCHE SOULE.

Recreation at Nasser. By MARY MAXWELL.

Education Among the Shullas. By J. ALFRED HEASTY.

An Error in Technic. By A CONTRIBUTOR.

A Glimpse of Clinic Life. By RUTH C. BEATTY.

Native Evangelistic Correspondence in the Sudan. By RAYMOND L. EDIE.

Being a Pioneer Missionary's Wife. By DAISY CHASE RUSSELL.

"How Shall They Hear Without a Preacher?" By FRED L. RUSSELL.

THE WORK OF OTHER MISSIONS IN THE SUDAN.

By G. A. Sowash, D. D. Um Durman, Sudan,

THE heading of this article implies that there are other missions working in the Anglo Egyptian territory in the Sudan besides the American Mission, The United Presbyterian and such is the case. These are the Church Missionary Society, the Sudan United Mission and the Roman Catholics.

To take up the last first—The Roman Catholic Mission is conducting work in Khartoum, Khartoum North and Omdurman in the northern Sudan, and in the Upper Nile Province among the pagans in the southern Sudan, Bahr Gazelle region. In general they follow the west side of the Nile south of Khartoum while the American Mission follow the east side. They conduct schools for both boys and girls in the triple city but their pupils are drawn more from the foreign and Coptic element than from the Mohammedan. They perhaps excel in the teaching of music but fall below the standard of the other missions in the teaching of Arabic and English.

Their work is done largely by priests and nuns of Italian extractions. Their impact on the Mohammedan faith is of very little force in the Northern Sudan. In the southern Sudan some progress has been made along industrial lines. They have few, if any, thoroughly trained medical workers. As elsewhere in the world, they have shown little inclination to associate with other Christian workers. Pictures and images of Christ, the Virgin Mary and of saints do not appeal to the Moslem mind but remind the followers of the faith of Islam too much of the idolatry against which Mohammedanism arose in the person of the great founder, the prophet of Arabia but we are far from saying that no pagan or Mohammedan soul has found the light of Jesus Christ through the agency of the Roman Catholic missionary. The devotion of some of these is worthy of imitation. We have known them to go forth into the heart of this great dark continent with the full realization that they would never return to native land or home or friend. Shortsighted, we believe as a mission policy, as well as expensive and often foolish, but showing a devotion suggesting that of Him who set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem. We are glad to bear this testimony to Father Joseph Ormalder, who spent ten years of awful existence in the Mahdi's camp in Omdurman that, after peace had been established in the Sudan, he returned to the black people, whom he loved and who loved him, with the request that when his spirit took its departure his body might be laid to rest in the midst of the black people. At his death there were manifestations of genuine sorrow not seen at the death of any other foreigner.

The Church Missionary Society, commonly known as the C. M. S. deserves a place alongside of the American Mission, as being one of the pioneers in Protestant Missions in the Sudan, both bodies having begun work in Omdurman very soon after the reconquest of the Sudan. The Church Missionary Society represents that division of the Church of England known commonly as the Low Church. As is well known, it is one of the largest missionary bodies in the world and is conducting missions in many parts of the Moslem, Pagan and Heathen world. It is evangelical in its teachings, with a present tendency toward the adopting of the chief tenets of the school of Constructive Higher Critics. It conducts

four main day schools for girls in the Northern Sudan—at Atbara, Wad Medani, Khartoum and Omdurman—the latter is about to add a boarding department to its day school which will be a valuable addition to its work among girls. In addition to these central schools this society has maintained during the past three or four years two or three auxiliary schools where pupils are given primary instruction. In all these schools, it is needless to say that the Bible has been taught and much valuable seed sown. The Church Missionary Society has thus far opened no schools for boys and no religious services in Arabic have been regularly held outside of the school program, although more recently serious thought has been given to this subject. A valuable part of the Church Missionary Society work in Omdurman is that of the hospital with special wards for both men and women. This hospital has a regular staff of three doctors and three trained nurses and in addition some native helpers. A large clinic is also maintained from 7 to 11 A. M. Work is also done in the leper colony which has been established by the Sudan Government. So much for the work of this society in the Northern Sudan. It has also a large and flourishing work in the upper Nile among the pagans. It gives the writer much pleasure to say that the most harmonious relations exist between the American and Church Missionary Society Missionaries and it is hoped that these happy conditions may not only continue to exist but that year by year the time may draw nearer when there shall be even closer co-operation and not only so but is it too much or too early to ask of the Great Shepherd that some day there shall be neither American nor Church Missionary Society but in their place and carrying out their devotion to the Master there may be one mighty force reaching out to the north and the south, the east and the west to gather into one fold the sheep of the Great Shepherd.

The youngest of the Missions of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is known as the Sudan United Mission. It began its work in 1912 at a station caller Melut, situated about 450 miles up the White Nile from Khartoum. Its work has been largely among the Dinkas but more recently it has extended its work to the region of the Nubia Mountains and is now working among the wild tribes there. This mission is composed of vigorous young Australians for the most part, with one or two Americans added recently, and is doing medical, evangelistic and educational work and is in close harmony with the other two evangelical missions. We wish them the greatest success and may they too, in the not too distant future, while still retaining the central word in their name, be one of the three that shall form The United Mission of the Sudan.

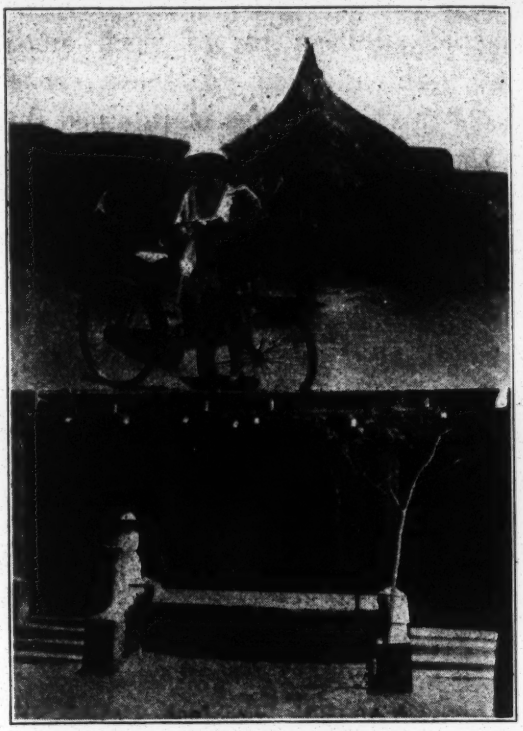
THE ADVENTURES OF AN IRON DONKEY.

By Aulora R. McIntyre, Omdurman, Sudan.

"HERE comes the Sitt of the Iron donkey" was the announcement I heard one day as I arrived on my new bicycle. A bicycle is not entirely a novelty in Omdurman but a lady riding one is quite extraordinary. In fact it was a matter of considerable doubt in the minds of some of the elderly Sudanese women, who were not to be taken in too easily, if I could ride at all. "Come on" said one as I started to leave, "Let's

see if she really does ride it!" One day as I passed a group of women drawing water from a public well, I was accosted with the question, "What does the iron donkey eat, durra or money?" Every woman I visited in the village had to know how much he cost. One morning as I was riding out to Sabbath School in the Muselma I met a long caravan of camels each heavily loaded with wood. I rode slowly past them trying not to frighten them and had safely passed to the last one but he seemed a fractious young beast or perhaps an old one. He gave a wild backward plunge breaking the rope by which he was tied to the tail of the camel in front of him. He wheeled around and headed toward the desert, his high load of wood swaying perilously with every long stride and at last tumbling off the camel continuing his frantic race. I was much distressed to have been the cause of so much bother to the camel drivers so turned into a side alley to avoid meeting another group of camels which I saw coming. To my surprise the driver, instead of cursing wildly, with a good natured laugh called to his mate, "O, see the camel is afraid of the Sitt and the Sitt is afraid of the camel! "No the Sitt's not afraid of the camel" I called back and he went on laughing heartily.

One of the most difficult feats the iron donkey had to perform was passing through the women's market. This part of the city market is occupied by women in small booths made of four upright crooked poles roofed with matting. Here many old women sit cross legged behind their wares all day. Their stock consists of all kinds of baskets, mats, pottery Sudanese caps, vegetables down to little piles of sticks and charcoal for fuel. All their stock has to be moved at night of course. The streets are very narrow and always filled with a crowd of customers besides numberless children, dogs, donkeys and wares on display to



1. STARTING ON THE DAILY ROUNDS.
2. THE IRON DONKEY HELPS IN THE SABBATH SCHOOLS.
(carrying the organ)

the middle of the passage. The sand is deep and heavy and altogether it is most difficult to ride through without striking some of the people who are much too deeply engrossed in their buying and selling to pay any attention to the bell however frantically it may be rung. Bordering this is the wood market where the camels kneel to be relieved of their loads of wood. One does not enjoy too much proximity to either their mouths or heels.

The East does not move as swiftly as a bicycle and one has generally passed some distance the leisurely walking dame with the basket, load of wood or water jar on her head before she realizes that it might have been she at whom you

were ringing for a bit of the way, and she sends you a look of surprise and half alarm as you whizz past her. One old lady showed wonderful ability for her years as she gave a hop, skip and a jump close to the wall, all without dislodging the burden on her head and as I smiled at her consternation she joined in the joke on herself and laughed heartily.

As we have said the East is not swift and what is more the East expects you to stop for it, especially the male East. This was demonstrated one day as the iron donkey was passing a narrow crossing over a deep ditch. A dignified shiekh was about to pass on his donkey in front of this crossing. Either he or I must stop—but shall a shiekh stop for a mere woman! However, the iron donkey, not having yet acquired the art of standing still, did not stop but rushed forward just nipping the nose of the shiekh's donkey. It would be hard to imagine his feelings but astonishment was at least one of them.

The latest achievement of the iron donkey is to assist in the work of the Sabbath School. A small suitcase organ was provided by some of our good friends in the Central Church, Omaha, but one of the serious drawbacks to its use was getting it carried the mile or more to the Muselma each Sabbath. Sometimes a man could be found willing to carry it and sometimes it was carried on a donkey but often no means could be found for transferring it. A stout carrier was attached to the bicycle and now it can be transferred with little trouble.

Perhaps it would be interesting to make a visit or two with the iron donkey as he goes on his daily round. We find each home enclosed by a mud wall ten or more feet high. A huge clumsy door forms the entrance and often the iron donkey has to be lifted a foot or more over the threshold. Our first visit brings us to the home of Um-Butros and Shoul, both pupils, Shoul, the daughter, a Copt like her Egyptian father but the mother is a Muslim Sudany. They live in the Muselma, one of the darkest places in Omdurman. During the terrible reign of the Mahdi all the Christians, so called, were compelled to become Muslims and were segregated in this place, hence its name, meaning "to cause to become Muslim." Um-Butros is the mother of three daughters and a son, (all Copts) while she of all her kin adheres to the Muslim faith. One day I said to her "Um-Butros, how is it that you alone of all your family are a Muslim?" "Kismet" she said. The old Muslim dogma-fate the very keystone of the arch of this false religion holds her bound, but thank God there is a power stronger even than kismet. During the fast-month of Ramidan when all pious Muslims abstain from all food and water from sunrise to sunset each day, then feast at night, the women are so dull and stupid from not having their usual amount of strong coffee that we decided to discontinue lessons with the Muslim women at that time. When this plan was suggested, Um-Butros said "Why should we not listen to the talk about God during Ramidan?" As this was the sentiment with several of our Muslim pupils, we continued lessons with most of them during the fast.

Another visit brings us to the house of Tyib-en-Nuhas, "the cleaner of brass." He with his wife has made several pilgrimages to the sacred Kaaba at Mecca and even Zainab their daughter was taken once a babe in arms. How proudly Um-Zainab told me that she was

a Hajja, that is a pilgrim. Although apparently Sudanese they are rather light and probably claim some Turkish blood. This suspicion is further sustained by their extreme fanaticism. Such are born with generations of Muslim blood back of them but the Sudany perhaps has become a Muslim or may have had parents who were compelled to become Muslims hence their children many times are not so well grounded in the faith. The Sudanese Muslim is so from ignorance and blind submission to what he little understands rather than from any convictions of his own. A Turkish Muslim knows the Koran and the traditions of his religion and is prepared to argue his point. The Sudany knows nothing but in desperate fear of offending his deity and bringing disaster upon himself clings tenaciously to the forms of his faith, religiously repeats the meaningless phrases from the Koran and closes his ear to any voice that undertakes to warn him of his error. At the last he is the most fanatical of all.

So Um-Zainab, though keen that her daughter Zainab should learn to read, is alert to hear the religious teaching and frequently interrupts and revises the Bible story with her own version from Muslim tradition. However she is clever and takes no chances of openly offending lest the coveted reading lessons should be discontinued and smoothes it over with subtle flatteries as to my use of the Arabic, their extreme gratitude and appreciation, etc. I feel that the reading lesson after all is only a bait for I know that we would not be admited to many of the Muslim homes without it but then I am reminded of the Master's words, "I will make you fishers of men" and how shall we fish without a bait?

Here a boy of three, badly spoiled and guiltless of a single article of clothing finds the iron donkey very interesting. Everything that turns is turned, the pump is examined, the wheels revolved. At times he is reprimanded by the mother or sister, but shall the son of the house, if but three, attend to the orders of women? When too obstreperous his mother promises that the Sitt will bring him two books the next time she comes if he will please be good and cease screaming at the top of his voice, all of which the Sitt hears but doesn't heed. This is typical of the reign of the small son in the Sudan. His least wish is anticipated, his orders obeyed and the whole female portion of the family pays submissive obedience to him. With all this spoiling the father appears and for some trivial matter for which a child could hardly be responsible he is treated perhaps with cruelty and the greatest unreasonableness especially if he interferes with his father's comfort. We might visit several other homes such as these where we shall find them progressing nicely with the reading and able to tell Bible stories but only the Holy Spirit can make efficacious the seed sown on this stony ground.

Perhaps the foregoing has given a hint of how much some of the material things add to the efficiency of the worker in time and energy saved and we wish to express our thanks to the friends in the congregation at Indiana Harbor, Indiana whose gift helped to put this very useful instrument at the disposal of the missionary.

THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH IN THE SUDAN.

By Tewfik Gayyid.

THE work of the Evangelical Church is still young in the Sudan. In other words, the Sudan is as a little child in the missionary world. The first real desire to evangelize the country was born only a few years ago. The work may be classified into two branches, the work among the foreigners and the work among the natives. It is of the latter kind, of course, that we are to write. And in the writing we are to consider three things, the work already accomplished, the demands of the present situation and our hopes concerning the future.

The Work Already Accomplished:

Some one, writing in a magazine a few years ago said: "The Sudan, stretching across Africa just north of the equator, is one of the most needy and neglected dark spots on the Dark Continent. At present, for five months you may walk across this great country and not meet one worker for Christ, nor one who has heard of the way of salvation. These people are living and passing away in darkness. One could not describe the spiritual condition of the people more accurately than in the language of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The darkness, the sin, the superstitution they live in is in every way as dark as that of the heathen of St. Paul's day. We pray God that soon some brethren full of faith and of the Holy Ghost may be sent to preach Christ amid the inhabitants of this neglected spot." And now we thank God that the prayers of this man of God have been heard and doors have been opened, and workers have been sent—when Christians are knocking God is always opening doors. A part of the pioneering work has been done along the usual lines:—medical work, preaching and educating or training. Of course, there are a great many failures—it could not be otherwise and the discouragements are very many indeed; yet looking back over the past few years of continued effort, we have reason to praise the Lord and press onward. Many stations have been occupied, and in no place has the work been fruitless. Indeed it moves on slowly and in the very nature of the case will continue to do so for years to come but we trust it is in the right direction, and that the results will be permanent. The number of actual converts has never been large but much good is being done in other directions. The sale of the Bible, for example, has been considerable, it is simply impossible that this can continue without bringing in blessed results. The work for the children has made a fine start, and we look for rapid progress. Some boys and girls live in the Missions' boarding schools with Christian pupils. What finer opportunity could we ask for reaching and teaching the children of this land? Some religious customs and social habits are being modified. Certain classes are becoming liberalized and desire to be brought into line with modern civilization. The gratitude of some people has been obtained through medical work and many of them have found soul-healing. "Ebenezer"—hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

The Demands Of The Present Situation.

1. Increased and more direct effort for the evangelization of the women. "You are making a great mistake. Why don't you work the other way?" said an intelligent Korean to one of the missionaries. "If you want to win Korea, win

the women—win the mothers of Korea, and all Korea will be Christian." Women's existence in the Sudan consists of endless drudgery. The wealthy wife

1. CHURCH IN KHARTUM.
2. TEWFIK GAYYID IS PASTOR.

goes inside her husband's house on the wedding day and never comes out again till she is carried to her grave. Shut in a living tomb she has nothing worth living for, here nor hereafter. To the poorer women life is summed up in one word— plod, plod, plod. But these women cannot be reached by men and but a handful of women who love Christ have gone forth to seek them.

2. Much earnestness and activity in Sabbath School work. To convert the world we must begin with the children. Yea, it is always through the children that the best work is to be done for the uplifting of any community. If the Catholics are right in saying that if they can have the first seven years of a child's life they can mould him intellectually and morally to suit themselves, is it not time that we should press our work with a great deal more vigor along these lines?

3. Attention must be given to manual work among the children. It is worth while to consider the wisdom of establishing farms, gardens, orchards, shops and other methods of self-support, not only to make the mission so far as is practicable, self-supporting, but for the sake of the natives, that they may be taught to cultivate the soil, to raise flocks, and be skillful in the use of tools as carpenters, blacksmiths, and other branches of industry. I think the best way to educate people living here is to train the hands to toil, as well as the mind to think. There is wisdom in establishing institutions for manual training in connection with the mission.

4. Advocates of temperance, purity and national righteousness. Even the printed page would blush to present a true picture of the licentiousness, immorality, and lawlessness prevailing in the Sudan. It is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them in secret and openly. Drink is as usual the greatest curse of the country. There is a home-made intoxicant and those who have not seen with their own eyes this greatest of all curses can form a very inadequate conception of the enormity of the evil and the obstacle it presents to Christianity. This intoxicant bestializes and brutalizes them more than anything

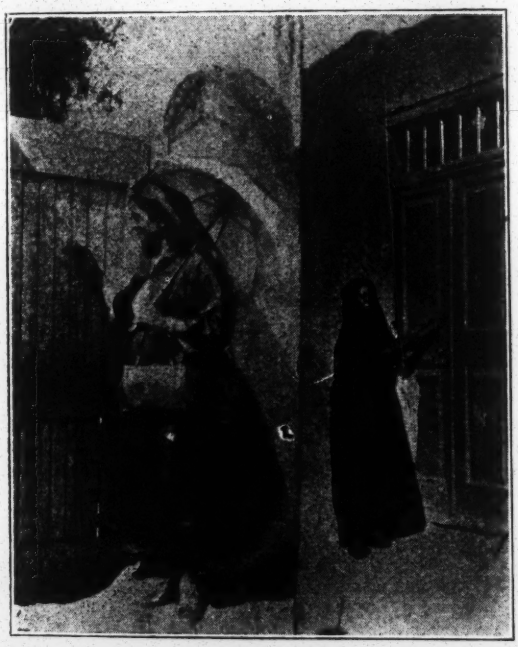
else. If we are to teach the Sudan to stretch out her hand unto God, we must have advocates of these things mentioned above who will labor earnestly to expose the fearful evils of this intoxicant.

5. A high moral standard among the foreigners who are so-called Christians.

6. The meeting together of Christians and Christian Workers in various places in Conferences for the deepening of spiritual life; camp meetings and conferences more or less after the type of Keswick and Northfield have to be held.

Our Hopes Concerning the Future.

There is an outlook for the Sudan which is somewhat cloudy. What must take place ere the Sudan is evangelized?



TWO WOMEN WHO ARE WORKING TO WIN THE MOTHERS OF THE SUDAN FOR CHRIST.

A gigantic holy war between Christianity and Islam and other native religions. The greatest part is now dominated by Mohammedans. Mohammedan missionaries have found their way into the Sudan. Were it not for that special divine promise which rings in our ears like a clarion "Ethopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God," we should indeed despair.

But especial hope is seen in large sales of Scripture and educational books, in the power of a medical missionary's assistance and the multiplication of Sabbath Schools throughout the country. In these things we have a bright outlook for the Sudan. The redemption of the Sudan will draw near—"The Morning Cometh!" when the children of the Sudanese learn at His feet, the entrance of whose word gives light.

CHRISTIAN AND MOSLEM SCHOOLS IN THE NORTHERN SUDAN.

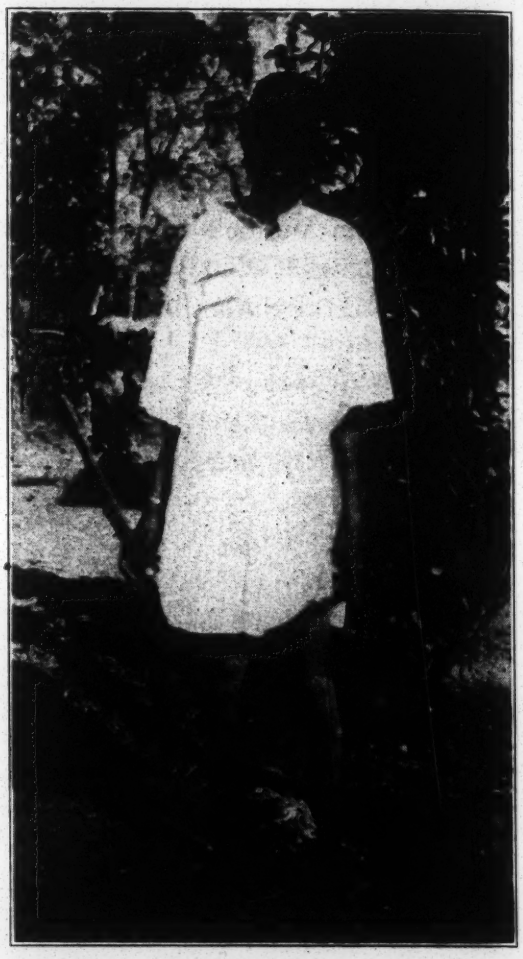
By Miss Una Cole.

COME with me today for a visit to the schools of the Sudan. We will visit first the Government Primary Schools for Boys in Omdurman. It is within sight of our Mission buildings and is a very stable looking structure of stone and brick, surrounded by a spacious playground. The bell has just rung and the 700 or more boys, all clad in gleaming white *galabeeyahs* and white turbans, have filed into line. We have already arranged with the head-master, who is a friend of our senior missionaries, for our visit and he is very glad to show the "lady" around. There are in all seven years or grades, three tahdeery or lower primary and first, second, third and fourth years above that. The boys are taught the common branches in Arabic and in the four higher grades, English, in order to be prepared to enter Gordon College later. They begin the teaching of the Koran in the lowest grade and even the smallest child can drone off long portions of the sacred book. There is no doubt but that it at least is faithfully taught.

But we must pass on as this is to be a busy day. Across the school yard of

the Boys' School we come to a building which looks like a house, and such it is, for the "Girls' Training College" which we are now going to visit, is only in its beginnings and has not assumed very large proportions. The work there was begun less than two years ago in this building which was formerly occupied by some of our own missionaries. Miss Evans, an Englishwoman, is in charge and it is her plan to gather girls from the various provinces of Omdurman for a few months' training in order that they may be sent out to teach in the Government Schools for Girls in the more remote provinces. At present there are very few such schools owing to a lack of teachers but they hope to establish others as soon as they can be provided for. "The Training College" consists of two training classes for the ten pupil teachers at present enrolled and two classes composed of pupils who are the "Model school." They lay the most stress on handwork such as knitting, weaving, basket-making, embroidering, etc., most of which is already known to the Sudanese. The training girls live in the school and must do their own work such as washing, ironing and mending their own clothes. The scholastic requirements for the completion of the course do not go beyond the three R's. There are three Egyptian women as teachers and a sheikh from the Boys' School comes in for an hour each day to teach the Koran.

But it is almost train time and we will have to pass by the Church Missionary Society day school for girls because we want to visit across the river. What is that noise you hear? Oh! that is the lusty singing of the boys in our own mission school. It is chapel time and they are singing "The Lord is My Shepherd" with more enthusiasm than melody. But perhaps that is just because we think eastern melody should be like western! I am sorry we are going to miss the chapel period in the Boys' School in Khartum North for I am sure you would enjoy it. As they have no room large enough to accomodate all the boys at one time they hold their chapel



A SHULLA BOY—ONE OF THE MANY WAITING FOR A SCHOOL AT DOLEIB HILL.

exercises out there on the verandah. You can see it now for here we are at the tram station. It is that little low mud building. After all it is not such a bad idea for it often gives an opportunity for many loungers at the tram station to hear a gospel message. Look over to the north there where you see that new wall and the mud buildings being built.

That is our new Boys' School and we hope that it may be finished when school opens this autumn. The two Egyptian teachers are members of our Church in Khartum North, the other two are Moslems. We are sorry we are so crowded in this building but very glad that we can get so many boys to come. Just look at the small room crowded with little tots. I counted ninety and nine and the teacher tells me there are several absent. One wonders where he puts them when there are any more. They all seem interested and are learning in spite of the hindrances. The boys are taught the same branches as in the Government Primary School with the exception that the Bible takes the place of the Koran. This year they have organized a Christian Endeavor Society among the Boys which meets once a week after school. The boys are quite enthusiastic over foot ball too and sometimes play against our Boys Home in Khartum.

And now since we are right beside the Girls Boarding School, we will stop for a visit here. Chapel is in session. The smaller children are in a separate room and one of the teachers has charge but we will attend in the main room where all the higher classes are. They have finished singing a Psalm and now they are reading their Scripture lesson. The leader will possibly give them a little talk on what they have read and ask questions or review what she has been endeavoring to teach them. After prayer each class marches out to its own room for the Bible hour and I am going to invite you into my own class this morning. As this is Monday morning it is part of my religious duty to inspect the "live stock" accumulated during the week-end and, in case of an overabundance, to recommend a return home with a plentiful application of "jazz" and hot vinegar. If I should show any signs of having forgotten this most important duty I am promptly reminded by "Topsy" on the front seat "Tefteesh" (inspection.) This attended to, we may proceed with our lesson after we have had a word of prayer. The lesson today is on the Sin of Achen. I endeavor to make the application personal by means of some illustration with which all the girls are familiar. The girls are so

A CLASS IN THE KHARTUM NORTH BOYS SCHOOL. 5th AND 3rd GRADE BOYS.

human! It is so much easier to see just how it fits so-and-so rather than herself. But there, the bell has just rung and we must stop for today. Just a little seed sown by the wayside and who knows what may spring up but let us ask God to water it that it might bear fruit for Him. And now I am going to let you visit some of the other classes. You may go where you like and after lunch we will go into the sewing classes where the girls are learning to make and mend their

own clothes. They also do fancy work and the boarding girls learn to bake, iron, make beds and keep the house clean, for nearly all of that work is done by them outside of school hours. And now, we will put on our hats and take our sunshades and go across the river for a little "look in" on Gordon College. It overlooks the river and is a fine, spacious building, with ample dormitories, campus, athletic field, and even has a "Musalla" (Moslem place of prayer). We are taken into the office of Mr. Crowfoot, an Englishman, the Director of Education in the Sudan. He takes us throughout the entire grounds. There is an Englishman at the head of each of the several departments. The curriculum would not coincide with that of a similar institution in America but would be more like that of an Academy. In addition to the regular branches they teach carpentry, and blacksmithing. The College accommodates several hundred and is usually full.

But we cannot stay any longer today and will have to leave the other schools in the northern Sudan for some other day. After all, Christian education is the only thing that can uplift the Sudan. Government schools, where the Moslem religion is taught, may prepare their boys and girls for obtaining a government position but it can never give them higher ideals or uplift their home life. Christ and only He is the Hope and need of the Sudan.

THE SOUTHERN SUDAN

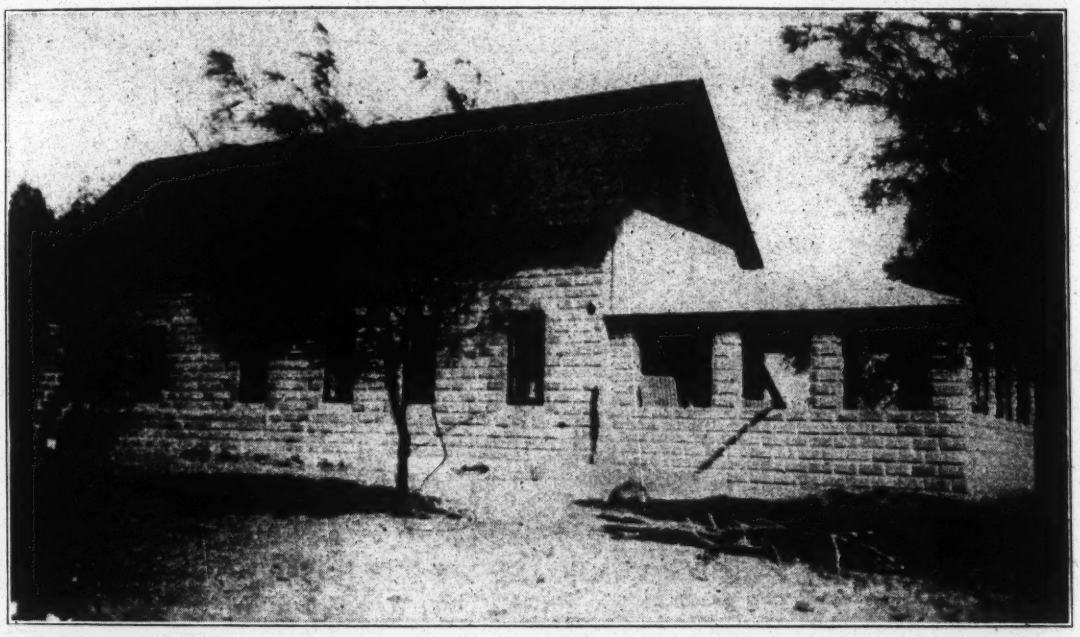
The Medical Work at Doleib Hill—Yesterday

By John M. McCleery. M. D.

WHEN Zachariah wrote the words "Who hath despised the day of small things?", he had never heard of the Shulla people nor had he dreamed of the great difficulties under which the Medical Work at Doleib Hill would be started and continued, yet he spoke for each doctor who has been at Doleib Hill. Time and space would not permit the telling, even if we could know, the discouragements and disappointments undergone by our predecessors. The obstacles now encountered would surely seem small to McLoughlin or McGill or Lambie, or even to their more recent successors, Wilkinson or Gilmor all of whom have done much more than they themselves would realize or admit in breaking down the walls of ignorance and superstition and building up a spirit of trust and confidence in the hearts of the people. You have only to talk to the native to appreciate a little of what each one of these men has done. Each has friends around Doleib Hill who look back to him as the final authority in the medical world, who still look upon his treatments as better than any before or since. One old man who still comes for treatment is sure that if Dr. McLoughlin had only stayed longer after he first operated on him he would have gotten entirely well. In the Shulla country they keep no written records but all over the tribes are folks ready to testify to the quality of the work done by the various doctors, and thus while each often came to the place where he wondered whether it was worth while, and whether the work would ever be more than a "small thing," he was making it easier for us who are now on the job and making possible the greater things that are bound to come in the future.

Various factors have made work trying in the past. The Shulla people have a variety of pride which is sometimes past understanding. They live on fairly friendly terms with their neighbors, the Nuers and the Dinkas, yet

it is said that at one time the Shullas almost stopped coming for treatment because they felt that there were too many Nuers attending our clinic. Natural born laziness on the part of friends of patients often keeps the sick at home until they are too far gone to help as we would desire. In the earlier days the native was somewhat suspicious of all foreigners owing to the fact that many of them had been taken as slaves in years past. The superstitious dread and fear of the powers of the witch doctor had a great deal to do with holding back the work and in limiting the good that could be done. Even yet it is quite the ordinary thing for a sick person to make the rounds of several witch doctors before coming to our clinic. The fear of these indescribable "somethings" is born with the child and lives in his heart till he dies and it is a real man or woman of courage who can defy the custom and belief. When one can claim to not only be the only one who can cure disease, but also to be the one who causes diseases if you don't accept him as your family physician, it makes an almost unbeatable combination. As a consequence, in years past practically everyone gave him a trial even though they felt that the mission doctors could do more for them. Then after the property had all been appropriated by the so-called doctor, or when they had gotten so bad that there was little hope for them, they would come. For a consideration of proper value he will put up a charm which he claims will keep sickness from an entire village or from a household or from an individual. These charms may be placed outside a village, at your front door or tied to the foot or arm. If you get sick he can drive the sickness away. After his demands are satisfied in the form of one or more sheep, goats, oxen etc. he will kill a sheep (always the patient and never his own) and after going through the proper line of talk he smears the inward parts of the animal over the patient (never over himself), and then he (never the patient) proceeds to eat the choicest of the meat. This results in a cure! Other methods



THE HOSPITAL AT DOLEIB HILL, SHOWING A RECENT NEW ADDITION.

to be described later are also used. If he doesn't like you he makes you sick with equal alacrity, and then wants a fee for curing you.

The Medical Work at Doleib Hill —Today

The work of the men of the past has begun to have its effect. Now many, especially from the nearer villages openly laugh at the pretended powers of the witch doctor, though it will take more time yet to make many of them thus defiant without an inward tremor. We have an increasing number of people coming to our clinic without having paid a preliminary visit to our "competitors." It is not unusual at all to have one or more of the witch doctors themselves coming for treatment. Needless to say he too has to stay for the religious service and Mr. Guthrie is not hesitant about talking rather directly to them when they are there. One of our better friends on being urged to take treatment from one of them for some minor ailment refused. He then was assured by the witch doctor that he, the witch doctor had produced the sickness. Straightway our friend proceeded to give him a very efficient beating. Verily the old order changeth. Such an occurrence would have been unthought of twenty years ago.

Our work is now being carried on as an outpatient clinic, just as in the past. The number in attendance and the number of those needing bed care with proper diets and nursing is on the increase. The number of those who are willing to say that they believe the teaching they receive, and who try to learn more is increasing. Of course not all who say they believe fully realize what it means and in many cases merely wish to be polite and obliging, but it leaves the way open for more teaching and it isn't for us to judge their hearts to severely. Many of them from a distance agree to take the scripture memorized and the teaching received to their own villages, and many places are thus touched that would wait a long time for any of us to make a personal visit. We had an incurable boy

THE MISSION COMPOUND AT DOLEIB HILL.
PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE WINDMILL.

paralyzed from waist down last summer for whom we could do nothing and who was unable to get to the services. We even forgot to go out to say "hello" to him for several days. When we finally did go he very proudly recited John 3-16, 17 and 18 for us. He had gotten some of the small boys to teach him. Were we ashamed? We were. We haven't seen him for several months but lying around in the sun somewhere he is helping do our work for us.

At present all the patients from a distance, or those seriously sick from the near villages, live in the huts of the clinic compound. It is never necessary to restrain a delirious patient to prevent him falling out of bed, for they all lie on the ground, or at best have an old piece of cow hide to rest on. I never can understand why there are not more bed sores. A friend comes with the patient to take care of him and often we have six to eight and even ten people living in the same hut which is circular, about ten feet in diameter, and with walls about five feet high. Add to this a conical roof perhaps ten feet high and put a smudge fire inside and shut the door tightly and any good hygienist can figure the amount of fresh air present per person. No matter how sick the patients, the friends insist on living in with them. The patient, excepting for occasional bite of broth or milk which we missionaries are able to furnish, lives on a bountiful, but often poorly cooked and difficultly digestible diet of dura, or kaffir corn.

Word has just arrived of the appointment of a nurse for Doleib Hill, and it sounds like the beginning of new era. A room is already available which can be turned into a small ward where we can get the worst of them into bed and feed them up a little. Of course none of them ever slept a night in a bed so it will take time for them to catch the idea of it. Perhaps they wont like it at first and it is just as well that we make a small beginning at a hospital. However, after the first timidity is over and they see good results more space than is at present available will be necessary. You home folks must be prepared within a short time to provide a regular hospital for this place, so be planning and praying for it now. After our nurse arrives she will begin on the same idea. We are glad that the New World Movement program has been so adjusted that another small ward will be possible in a couple of years but we are expecting to outgrow it. I've seen too many people and especially the babies taken home to almost sure death when a time in bed with proper nursing, regular medication and possibly, most important, a proper diet would have fixed them up, to rest very easy until we get the equipment necessary to take proper care of them.

A lot of you are praying for the work at Doleib Hill and we are thankful for it. How many of you have started praying and then made it a little shorter the next day and shorter the next, until finally you quit altogether? Can you imagine any of the doctors who have been in the work at Doleib Hill giving up praying for the success of that work? Did you ever toss a quarter into a collection for some place like Doleib Hill and then forget to follow it up with something more effectual and helpful to yourself and others? We are not going to ask much more in the next two or three years but we have to have a lot more and better praying.

Read the Witch Doctor's method:

If a baby gets either dysentery or infected eyes, cut out one or two of its teeth. If the teeth haven't yet come through take an old knife and cut down till you find the little embryo tooth and carelessly gouge it out. This may work in other troubles as well.

In case of a spear wound take your own spear and heat the point and then bend it to form a hook. This causes prompt "cooling" of the injured part.

For almost any disease or injury, tie an old chicken claw or even an entire foot and leg to the affected part. This is also a good preventitive of disease.

Always bleed promptly any swelling and then rub in ashes or brick dust.

Never treat an injury or sickness in the presence of a stranger as one can never tell whose eye is evil, and the stranger in looking at the injured part may put the evil eye on it.

If you see a poisonous snake, spit on it before it has a chance to bite you and it then will be unable to harm you.

Another good treatment for inflected eyes in children is for the mother to rub them thoroughtly with her own saliva, on a thumb washed year before last. Beware of water.

PROBLEMS THAT CONFRONT HOUSEWIVES IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN.

By Anna B. Guthrie, Doleib Hill, Sudan.

FROM the very nature of the subject of this article, it must be somewhat pessimistic. Let that fact not disappoint people who have pictured a missionary's life as a simple affair, all missionary work, servants to do the house work, and no household cares, but rather may it give a true picture of some of the conditions under which we labor, that we may have their more sympathetic interest.

All people have their household problems. Some belong peculiarly to special countries. Some are universal. Some of the problems that we have to deal with in the Southern Sudan are not different perhaps from those of many other tropical countries but they may affect us differently in some details or possibly our manner of solving them is different.

The servant problem is universal. Were we to adopt the plan of doing everything ourselves, we'd probably be worn out in a very short time. Along certain lines the work is greater due to necessary circumstances and it is more difficult for westerners owing to the climate. Were we able to do all the work ourselves, we would have little time or strength for any work out side our own homes. Some times we would almost rather do all our own work, we think, than put up with some problems that servants entail, but when for some reason we are suddenly left with no one to help us, we are ready to change our minds and welcome even imperfect service.

Our greatest difficulty is to secure native servants having a little natural ability and with a willingness to stick to his job. So far we have employed boys or men rather than women—partly because they seem more teachable and cleaner in dress and habits. So far as I know only one missionary who has lived in the Southern Sudan has ever had a native woman as house servant for any length of time. The women usually wish to work for us only as water carriers. Occasionally we have offers of girls services as nurses for our babies but we prefer to perform that duty ourselves.

In the early days at Doleib Hill

native house servants were not easy to secure and for some years those of other nationalities were brought from Khartum—a Greek, a Syrian, an Armenian, Abyssinians, Sudanese. Ten years ago it was still difficult to get boys to consent to work in the house for a long period of time. Since then there has been a marked change. We employ native help entirely in the house and usually have a number of applicants for the position. Our difficulty is to choose which one seems most efficient and trust worthy. Some times we make mistakes in this but very often the one chosen proves worthy. With the expenditure of much pains and patience on the part of the housewife they learn to be efficient in time. Usually after several months or certainly in a year's time they want to quit and go to hoeing grain. If one is indeed so fortunate as to keep a good boy steadily for two or three years, part of her trouble is done away with. Out of some fifteen or twenty who have been employed in this capacity in recent years, at least half of them have proved satisfactory and most of these have worked steadily for one, two, three or four years. The best workmen usually make the best house servants and those who have worked well in the house make good at other tasks.

Some times the problem is not in securing and keeping help but in the training. This is so great and so difficult and often so hopeless that one would rather make another choice, yet for the good of the boy we patiently keep and train him. For example, what would you do if you discovered that the dining table-cloth was being swept occasionally with a floor brush, or if you were expecting to eat chicken for dinner and discovered that instead of the bird having been plucked and cleaned, it was gently simmering on the back of a hot stove in hot water, feathers and all?

Sometimes our teaching about sanitation is not heeded. They may take every care to wash and dry a dish carefully but pay no attention to the condition of the tea towel.

The new boy must be shown about all these things. The stove is new to him and the cupboards. He must be shown how the doors fasten, how to set the table, lay the rugs, make a bed, fill a lamp or candlestick, wash clothes. When one considers how foreign these things all are to the Shulla or Nuer, one wonders that they learn to do so well. In fact with the same amount of training they may become as efficient along most lines as the servants of other nationalities.

Providing clothing and food stuffs for the house is another problem because one must look ahead so far and often order eight months or a year in advance.

To sit down to sew and suddenly discover that you have scarcely enough thread for the work in hands, or no needles the right size, nor any patterns, does not show far sightedness. Or one may be planning a Christmas dinner and find too late that some of the things one had counted on had never been ordered. Why not buy from the nearest store? Our nearest store is a Greek shop in Malakal 15 miles away and only a limited number of things can be purchased there. Lamp chimneys of American make, dishes, except enameled ware, most tinned vegetables, dress materials, draperies, cannot be obtained, and often the things that can be obtained are of an inferior quality and very expensive.

Having no nearby market we must depend on our own garden for fresh vegetables. This helps solve our food

problem although we cannot grow everything we desire nor can we do it all the year round. In receipes that call for gelatine, apples etc., something must be used as a sustitute.

Milk requires unusual care in the hottest weather. Quantities of tinned butter cannot be kept well, for ice is not obtainable. Left overs sometimes do not keep over night but should they keep, they require re-cooking daily while they last. In this way we have kept a roast of meat four or five days.

After one has provided clothing and food for the future the problem arises of how best to take care of it.

The clothing must be protected from mildew in the rainy season—washable materials in color, from too much sun—all woolens must be carefully aired and sunned and put away in bags with moth balls. Books, pictures and all furniture must be constantly watched lest white ants make inroads upon them.

The enemies of our food supplies often seem legion. Weevils, ants, roaches, flies work havoc unless constant vigilance is observed. Flour which we get in quantity must be sifted with a specially fine wire sieve once in two or three weeks to insure it keeping good. Dried fruits must be kept in tight bags or jars. Sometimes heating before putting away is effective. Oatmeal, cornmeal and even corn starch and yeast foam get weevilly. Ants seem to infest everything at times. There are the tiny black ants that get in the water, milk or any other food accessible, the big black ants that usually seem satisfied to bite people when opportunity offers, the big red ants that work most in the dark and are especially fond of anything sweet. Roaches are a great pest. They get into every thing in our cupboards, on the tables, hide among clothes. At night is when they seem to turn all forces loose. By daybreak nothing remains to tell the tale of the night's carousals except dead carcasses here and there in food that was not tightly covered. A table with legs set in oil or water will prevent the passage of the small ants and the red ones but roaches must be kept out by tight covers. Flies while seemingly the greatest insect pest in the native homes, fortunately are pretty well barred out of our houses because of the wire netting necessary to keep out mosquitoes. With care we can keep them out of the least used parts of the house entirely. Those that cannot be kept out are partly exterminated by our friendly allies—the lizards.

I can only mention the sewing problem. Only servants clothes can be hired made. Dressmakers cannot be obtained so this work with the family mending is no small item.

There are snakes, scorpions, mosquitoes fleas, the protection from which is in a sense a housewife's problem, especially if she be a mother. But my time and ink and your patience would fail to tell it all.

Some of the problems become less difficult as one's experiences enlarges and things like spilled milk, broken dishes, and food spoiled by insects and servants no longer haunt one in her sleeping hours. They are not the only things worth while.

All these trials or problems rightly met develop patience with those who work for us and sympathy with others similarly afflicted and even in the midst of them are opportunities to live and witness for Christ.

IN THE CLINIC.

By Miss Blanche Soule, Khartum, North.

BEFORE coming to the Sudan, I knew that Nasser had a small dispensary building and I tried to imagine what it was like, but knowing hospitals and dispensaries in America only, my imagination failed. You may be able to picture better than I, but I want to help you to see where we work before telling you of the work.

On the Sobat river about two hundred miles from its outlet into the White Nile, in the Nuer Country, stands a little brick building with thatched roof, called by the Nuers "Dwill Wul, The House of Medicine." "They always speak of the medicine as Jesus medicine. This building is divided into two rooms. One room has a brick floor, walls plastered with mud, and the grass thatching over head. In this room is a large store box and a smaller one in which shelves have been put for holding supplies; a cupboard in which are kept the medicines being used; a store box used as a table for holding pails of water; a wash stand and a small table. We mix many of our medicines, so this room is drug room; supply room and waiting room. Here the medicines are given—women first, then children, then men. In Nuer Land, men come first but they have learned that in this little building women and children come first. Did the men find this lesson easy to learn? No. Did we find it easy to teach? No. The hardest lesson can be learned, and they finally got it. The second room has a belot, a kind of tile, floor; walls plastered with mud; to keep dust, bugs, scorpions and bats from tumbling down while we are operating and trying to keep every thing sterile, we made a muslin lining for the grass roof. In this room are, a small cupboard for instruments and laboratory supplies; a chest of drawers; an operating table rather weak on its legs but by two of us holding the table and a third person superintending the patient we have thus far been able to get our patients on and off without any one being hurt; a home made table for our microscope and laboratory work; several shelves for materials used in eye clinic; a small store box used as a table for holding materials for surgical clinic. This room is used for operating room; laboratory; surgical clinic; ear, nose and throat clinic; eye clinic; venereal clinic; and examining room. I hear you say, "It must be a large room. "Yes, it is large if you call fourteen by twelve feet large. When we were children we were taught "One thing at a time." By following this rule we are able to do so many different things in one room.

On the Eastern side of this building is a shelter under which we gather for our service. I call this our pergola, but instead of vines and flowers it has a covering of dura stalks to protect us from the sun, and the ground is covered with a thick layer of sand to make a more comfortable place for the people to sit. No doubt you wonder why we do not have vines and flowers on our pergola. Two reasons—there would be danger of snakes liking it as well as we would, and during the dry season, which is from the first of October to the middle of May, they could not live unless watered and it takes all the time, strength and money we can spare to have a few fruit trees and vegetables watered.

Not having a hospital where we can care for the patients who are too ill to go back to their villages, we have a number of tukls called, "Clinic tukls." What is in a name? These tukls are

built exactly like the native tukl with their two by three foot doorway. The Nuer is perfectly at home and of course has no difficulty going in and out of this house, but the doctor and I find some difficulties. When I get about half way into a tukl, I have a feeling that the door way is getting smaller. We look forward to the day when we will have a hospital, a place with beds and facilities for giving to these people the care that sick people should have.

All of this sounds very primitive to you. Compared to our modern dispensaries in America, this is a very poor place to work; but this building and pergola to the Nuer is a wonderful place, so different from the tukl in which he lives. Even though the building is small and much of the equipment home made and crude, the Lord is here and helps every step of the way and does bless the means used.

In our hospitals and dispensaries in America with their white tiled floors, white walls, modern lighting, modern equipment, and many doctors and nurses to care for the patients, I have never seen better response to treatments given, than I have in this little building with its small force of one doctor and one nurse. Is it because the doctor and the nurse know just what to do and the best way to do it? Ah no! Christ is the Physician in Charge and the Superintendent. He takes our little knowledge, our efforts and the means used and blesses them because the work is done in His Name.

You have had a glimpse of the building and equipment but we want you to see our people, your people. Here they are—a great crowd gathered from far and near. This man covered with syphilitic sores has travelled for eleven days. These naked people are suffering from all sorts of diseases. Here are men and women covered with loathesome sores and ulcers, some with noses rotted away; here a mother covered with sores nursing a tiny baby who has not as yet contracted the disease; here a mother holding a little child so full of sores that it is impossible to find a healthy spot where we can put our hand, when we give the child its treatment; here is a leper; here is a woman who has had her flesh cut many places by one of their medicine men, and these gashes have been infected; that little girl is almost blind as the result of dirt and filth; this woman has trachoma; this child has lost one foot as the result of snake bite: Here they are—old men, young men, old woman, young women, older children and babies, sick, naked and covered with ashes and filth. A sight indeed to make us shudder. But a sight to make us realize more and more God's wonderful goodness to us who are His children, and to make us ask the question over and over, "Who am I, that I should have had the privilege to be born in Christian land, to have had Christian privileges, to know the Lord?" These people have not only a sick body but they have a poor sin-sick soul. Christ died for them and only He can heal them, but He wants you and me to permit Him to work through us.

Before starting the work of the day, we gather under the pergola for our service. Dr. Maxwell, Googook and Lengdet (our two clinic helpers,) the patients and myself. Googook has been a Christian for several years and in February, Lengdet gave his heart to Christ. These boys are so interested in the work, so helpful, kind and faithful. I said boys, they are men but as they

always call themselves our children, we think of them as boys. We sing, pray the Lord's prayer, the Doctor gives a gospel message and it is repeated by Googook. The service is closed by prayer. Every one treated must be here for the service and we insist that they sit quietly. They seem to listen and some do hear. A number have left their heathen gods and accepted Christ as their Saviour. Pray, pray for these people and pray for us that we may be faithful and constant in our witnessing for Him.

One morning a snake ran across my path. It was a beautiful green color dotted with black. I described the snake to one of the Christian boys. He said "That is a very bad snake, if it bites a person he would die that day." I asked "If it were to bite me would I die the same day." He sat thinking for several minutes and then his answer, "I don't know, I don't think so. You have Jesus medicine and you know to pray to Jesus but the Nuer has no Jesus medicine and he dosen't know to pray to Jesus and he dies." This little dispensary is a beacon light guiding the Nuers from far and near to the place where they hear of Christ and learn to pray to Him. But think! In this Nuer land with its thousands and tens of thousands of people there is one little beacon light and one doctor and one nurse. How much can two pair of hands do among so many? As I sit on the bank of this river, looking out over this land of spiritual darkness, ignorance, and great physical suffering and think of the homeland with its hospitals, doctors and nurses, I ask, *"Why? Yes—Why?"*

In the late War many doctors and nurses came forward volunteering their service, yes their lives for their country that they love; anxious to be sent to the front, to be in the thick of the conflict, and so disappointed if the Government said, "I need you in America." Is our love and loyalty for our country so much greater than our love and loyalty for our King? In this land there is a warfare being waged against spiritual darkness. Christ is the Leader, His followers are few and He wants Volunteers.

RECREATION AT NASSER.

By (Mrs. Joseph) Mary Frances Maxwell.

IF only the last two words had been omitted from that subject, much could be written, but with those limiting words! Before we came here, we were told that we ought to have wonderful golf links in this country, but the thinker of those thoughts didn't know that for six months this country is a mass of mud and water, and the other six months it is so dry that things much larger than golf balls are easily lost in the cracks. For the same reason tennis isn't available. We might learn canoeing, but in our group of five adults only two can swim, and it hardly seems wise to learn to paddle a canoe when you can't swim. Yes, swimming would be good recreation, but most Americans don't care to swim in a river full of crocodiles. Walking ought to be possible, since you can look out over the plains to an endless distance, but the paths are so rough that it isn't enjoyable. For those who care for riding, there are some "Evangelistic donkeys" and a "New World Movement mule," but no one here now seems to care for that, so the only thing left is to sit on the banks of the Sobat, after the sun gets low enough not to bother, and watch the Nuer world go by; and never did you see more interesting sights than some of us see here each evening.

During the last few months, while there was no rain, there has been just across the river from the Mission Compound a fishing village of about fifty tukkels—the people in this village lived back a short distance from the river, and as is the custom of many of them, during the dry season when there is no special work to do except to herd the cattle and sheep, they take their animals along with them and build up a temporary village near the river, so that they can add to their diet of dura a few fish. The first incident of interest which I remember occurred one evening soon after after they arrived. Twelve or fifteen men brought a sheep to the water's edge; one of them caught the animal by its feet and whirled it around and around another man's head, at the same time saying things which we couldn't hear. Then the sheep's throat was cut and it was thrown into the river. Later we asked one of our workers what this meant and he said that the man around whose head the sheep was thrown had a very bad pain in his head, so the Medicine Man told him to have this sheep killed and with these words: This sickness will now leave you and go into this sheep, the sheep was offered to their god, the crocodile, but poor folks, their god wasn't present to receive their offering and the sheep floated down the river a short distance and was picked up by a Nuer from another village.

Very soon after this one evening we noticed a fine ox being led around this village and behind it was a young man, whose person was groomed as only one of these blacks know how to do it—bathed and oiled, with ivory armlet and spears he was dancing and singing behind this creature, and we were told that he wants to marry a girl in the village, so he has come out to show off his fine stock and his own beautiful person. The first evening I counted thirteen times that he went around the village and he was still going when it was dark enough to drive me into the house. This was in February and he wouldn't be married before June, and almost every evening he comes out in this same performance, the only change being a different ox. Before he had begun this he had told the girl he was very happy with her, and she had had the same feelings, but when he comes to make the real wedding arrangements the father may ask him more cattle than he has to pay or at least than he is willing to pay. Then, if the girl really wanted to marry him, she will in all probability leave home because her father was so unreasonable and will stay away until father can't stand her absence any longer, and will make suitable terms. However, the young man may be so well off that he can pay any dowery, or he may love the girl so much that he is willing to accept the terms and keep on accumulating cattle to complete the number. For sometime this young man was the only one who was looking forward to marriage, but lately three others have joined him, so they make quite a procession. And at least three nights one of the young men has been so happy about this coming event that he has sung, or shall I say shouted, all night long—it isn't just the sort of a lullaby that soothes Western nerves to sleep.

Still another evening seven or eight of those villagers were on our side of the river and they had gone down to get into a canoe to return home. Just before getting in, one of them killed a chicken, first throwing the head into the river and the body into the canoe, where it

flopped around a while and it too was thrown into the river. By doing this the canoe was prevented from overturning, but I wouldn't advise trying it on United States rivers, for I fear it wouldn't work there.

As the public highway goes along this river bank, our sitting there affords an excellent opportunity for the many passers-by to beg, for begging in this land isn't for professionals but it is every one's trade. At least their minds seem to work along the line that if they ask for something, they may get it, and if they don't ask, they have lost a possible chance. So here they come, first with their greetings of did you sleep well? Did you spend the day well, etc, and then give me sugar for my baby, some cloth, a picture, some charcoal to smoke, dates, milk, salt, a piaster (five cents), a pin, a needle, and so on and on. Seldom do we know whether there is a real physical need or not, and each missionary has to work out his own salvation in this as to whether it is doing a greater kindness to give them something or to teach them to give value for value received and thus learn self-reliance, but all of us wish we might reply as Peter did, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," for we do know that each of them needs a Savior.

Such is the routine recreation. But occasionally we go down the river on Saturday afternoon to a sand island and take a picnic supper along. The men fish and swim, while the children enjoy the paddling close to the bank or just playing in the sand.

Just once this year have we ventured farther away, and that was a beautiful day in March long before the rainy season. All of us agreed that we needed to see and do something different, so we started early in the morning for a spot about ten miles down the river, and we made this early morning trip in a borrowed sail boat, so that we might have a little more comfort than a canoe would afford. The day really progressed quite nicely, only flies and heat to bother us, but they were slight annoyances. But like many another picnics, when we were returning and were even within sight of our homes, such a storm came down upon us as none of us had seen at Nasser, and the rainy season was ushered in some six weeks ahead of time, though it was really more to remind us that it would return some day. As we saw it approaching, we thought we could make better time if we were walking, so we left the boatmen to bring the boat as they could, while we hurried on, but in vain. The wind struck us first, bringing with it great black clouds of burnt swamp grass, and then that was plastered on us by a beating rain, until you would have wondered if we had spent the day trying to look like Nuers. We took refuge behind a little native tukkel, but that was very slight protection. Now that some good friend has taken pity on us by giving us money for a real launch, we will be able to get away next year for a day's change and get back in short enough time to avoid such tragedies. Already we have a trip planned to Monkey Forest, but you will hear of that later, after the launch has crossed the Ocean and made the trip up the Nile and the Sobat successfully.

EDUCATION AMONG THE SHULLAS.

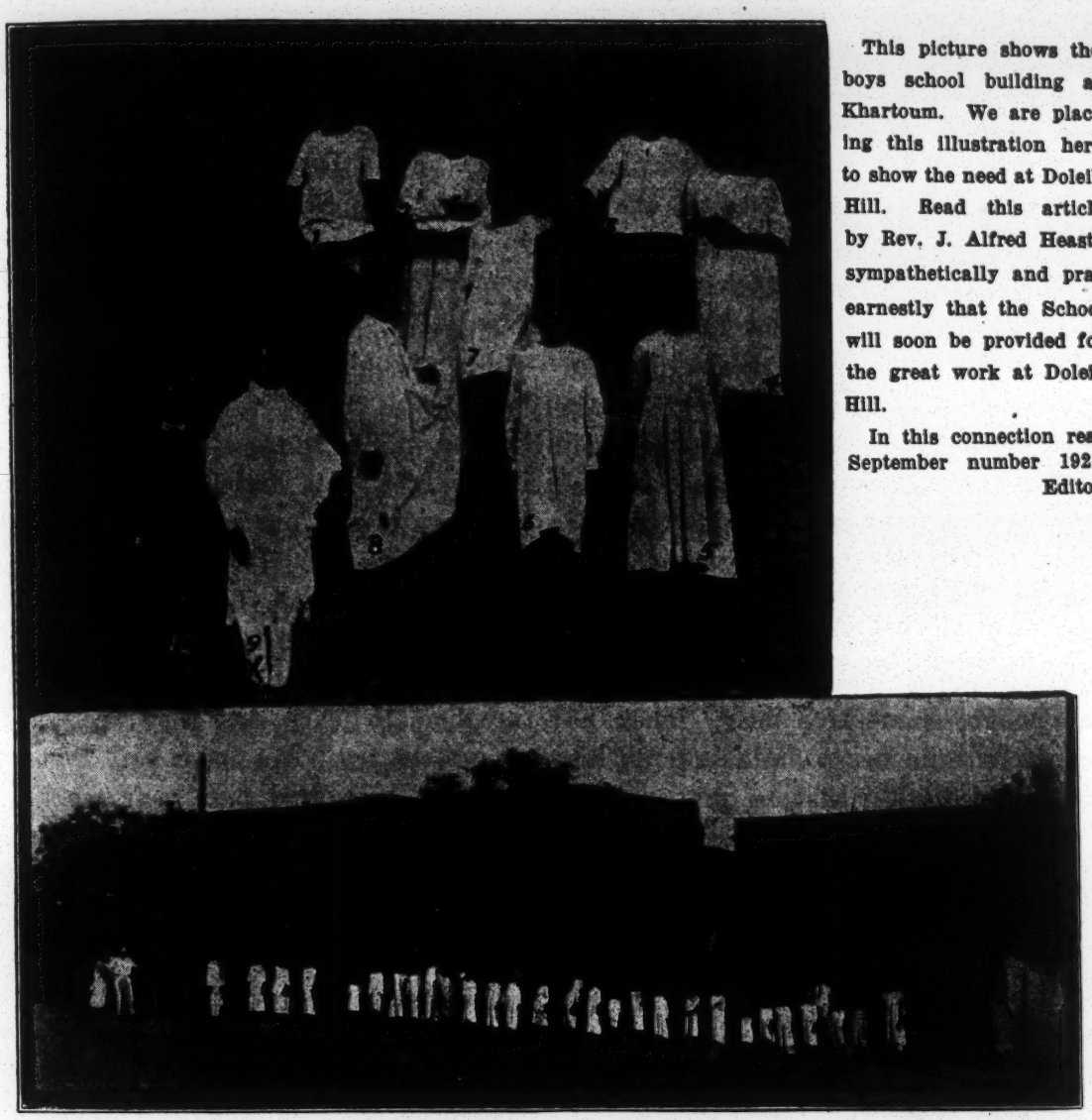
By Rev. J. Alfred Heasty, Um Durman Sudan.

WE take the liberty of choosing a subject other than that assigned us partially because the topic assigned is outside of our own personal missionary experience, but more especially because of a statement in this magazine some months ago which has, we fear, given the Church a wrong impression. The statement is as follows: "At Doleib Hill there is no evidence of real desire for education."

Had that statement been qualified so as to represent the attitude of parents only, it would I suppose give a correct representation of the situation. For the attitude of the Shulla parent in this respect is one of absolute indifference. His boy is permitted to spend his time how and where he pleases unless assigned the task of looking after the sheep and cattle or some other domestic duty. If he chooses to spend his moments in the school room all well and good until he is needed at home, then as far as the parent is concerned school is all foolishness, merely one of the ways a boy has of amusing himself. Education aside from the simple arts of his forefathers has in no way touched any part of his life; why should it be necessary for his child? And is not his course of reasoning just what we would expect? How many times we have heard it from the ignorant and uneducated parent in America! And the only reason his child was in school was because he was compelled by law to send him there.

But in the field of education we are not concerned so much with those of mature years; for they, we fear, must ever remain as they are and have been. We are however tremendously interested about the attitude youth takes towards such things. We can always expect those of mature years to be found on the side of the conservative and holding to the good old ways of the past. But youth dreams dreams of golden days to come. Youth fearlessly attempts the new, the noble, the daring, the impossible. We have found Shulla youth not materially different in his make up from youth in other lands. Boys are boys regardless of race, color or location on the earth's surface. They are all human made so by the divine hand that formed them. Would we then expect the Shulla boy to be interested in education? Can you imagine a real American boy not caring to do the thing that is thrilling and astonishing, such as; flying an airplane high above the earth, doing the stunts of the clown at the circus, or riding the wild mustang of the open prairies or perhaps any other daring deed that has come under his observation? Such experiences are lacking in the life of the Shulla lad yet there is that in his life which thrills hence do we not expect him to respond also, for remember he too is a real boy. Imagine the thrill that is his when a boy his own age takes pencil and paper and writes a message in his own language and hands it to him. He has never dreamed of his language being understood when spoken silently, of course his friend is lying, but he slips away with the paper to the missionary and when he hears it reproduced in words he understands, the characteristic grunt and expression on his face are all that adequately describe his astonishment. Do you suppose he has no real desire to do the thing himself? The next day will find him in school to see how the thing is done. And thus little by little interest grows.

But is he really desirous to learn or



This picture shows the boys school building at Khartoum. We are placing this illustration here to show the need at Doleib Hill. Read this article by Rev. J. Alfred Heasty sympathetically and pray earnestly that the School will soon be provided for the great work at Doleib Hill.

In this connection read September number 1921. Editor.

BOYS SCHOOL AT KHARTOUM.
All The Boys In Front Of The Home.

does he simply try to see how the faker works the trick? Why does that crowd of boys surround the missionary until he can hardly move? Each holds in his hand a seemingly very interesting paper which he in turn thrusts before the eyes of the missionary as all move slowly forward. If you failed to understand the language it would at first puzzle you then it would dawn upon you that school was out at Doleib Hill. These boys were seeking the necessary help that they might be able to read their lesson the next day.

One of the boys in this group seems to be intensely interested. You might be interested to know that he works every day but while the other workmen are taking their rest in the heat of the day he spends his time in the school room learning to read. Sometimes he is over zealous and is late to work and that was the reason we found him moulding brick after the other workmen had gone home. He was desirous to have as many brick as those who had not been at school.

Then there is little Odak he sometimes walks three miles from the cattle pens during the heat of the day for his lesson. It will of course be dark when he returns

and being late for the evening duties he runs the chance of being whipped with a cow rope by the young men who lord it over these little fellows at such places. He is willing however to take the chance.

His enthusiasm has brought others to the school and among them his chum, Awuk. Awuk is a bright little fellow and what he does is done thoroughly and well. When we suspected outside help and expressed surprise that he had learned in so short a time what it had taken others months to do he replied: "Do I not study from the paper you gave me, while I am out herding the cows?" Studying out on the prairie while the thermometer registers 105 and not a single shade tree near. Then he runs for a mile or so and asks for his lesson immediately that he may return to the cattle he has left, lest they be feasting on some ones dura.

Why was that light burning in the kitchen last night after all other servants had gone home? It was La in the kitchen. Had you looked closely you would have seen that he was bending over a book. He had found the gospel of John which is translated into language that he understands. He was seeking for the unsearchable riches there. La has worked every day this year but he has found time to learn to read. The clock struck eight, nine, ten before he closed the book and started home to face an angry mother and a cold supper.

Would you expect an American boy to show more interest? We believe not; especially if he were compelled to attend no better school than exists for these boys. If he is a small boy his chances of sitting on the floor are good. The floor is only a dirt floor and happens to be covered with two or three inches of dust. Fortunately the Shulla boy is not afraid of dirt for he has lived in it all his life and there is no danger of soiling his clothes for he never owned any of his own. He gets some compensation however when the eyes and mouth of the missionary suddenly filled and he is compelled to rush to the door for a breath of fresh air. There are slates and pencils and you have the school equipment complete.

We do not intend that you should imply from this article that all Shulla boys are overly anxious to go to school for they are not. The great majority of them have no idea that such an institution exists. But let them see a real school and show them that it is possible for them to learn and they are willing enough to try. We have had about 75 different boys this past year who have shown some interest and then there are about 15 who have been quite regular in attendance. Boys of the type mentioned above.

What are we going to do for these boys? If we give them the education they have the right to possess we will have effected a large entrance for the gospel of Jesus Christ. For as we believe the greatest barrier to the gospel among these people is their ignorance and superstition which will largely be removed with a very simple education. At the same time we will be building a mountain of opposition to check that religion of the False Prophet which now threatens to take the whole of Africa. Shall we not rise and possess the land? The time was never more opportune. The Shulla king is asking the government to start a school in his village as they have in the Northern Sudan. The government in turn comes to us and asks if we can furnish the Christian teacher. They have realized their mistake and

are in sympathy with keeping the Muslem out of the Southern Sudan. They are also asking if we can supply them government clerks as they wish to eliminate all government clerks from the Southern Sudan who speak Arabic.

What can we do? How we long that we might have the teacher ready to start work in the village of the Shulla king who is already favorable to Christianity. What an opportunity for the spread of the gospel. Surely we should start at once. But what can you do without funds? The Five Year program calls for a small school building at Doleib Hill but it is listed as our last building which means that it will be several years yet before it will be ready for occupation. What we need is a boarding school where the pupils will be under constant supervision and where they will have something of a Christian atmosphere thrown about them. We need this that we may train teachers and evangelists for our own use as well as supply the needs of the government when they start the schools. There will be many difficulties to face but what has been done can be done again. The Roman Catholics have a boarding school among the Shullas 40 miles to the north of us, with some 40 boys in attendance. The Jur tribe to the south of us have nearly all been educated and as a result they say the whole tribe will be Christian in five years. This tribe is the same as the Shulla in customs and belief and at one time was a part of the Shulla people. Should we not have at least one boarding school started soon and not many years hence the history of Shulla tribe will perhaps read like that of the Jur.

Another imperative need is a teacher who knows the best methods to apply to school work. One who is able to publish readers and may be able to give his entire time to the work. This has been one of the greatest barriers to school work here, lack of workers and then unfortunately we missionaries are not all teachers if time permitted. Too many duties rest on the shoulders of one man. Other things which seemed most imperative at the moment has pushed the school work aside. For example last week a man arrived at school time with a broken leg. The Dr. being absent someone had to do the work. We are not fixed to care for such patients so a bed of some sort had to be improvised and other things gotten ready. As a result the boys went without their lesson. The little fellow who walked three miles for his lesson and was disappointed could hardly be expected the next day. Now a man does not come to the clinic every week with a broken leg but there other duties that seem imperative which keep the missionary from writing out the lessons when the pupil should have them and when the pupil is disappointed many times he is apt to loose interest. In the need of a teacher we are again unfortunate for the Sudan has received about her allotment of the 407 and of her small share of these she must divide with Abyssinia that great country with its boundless opportunities and untold possibilities.

What can we do? When we have reached the limits of our knowledge there is but one thing left for us to do, that is to pray. Will you not pray with us that according to God's own plan this long neglected work may be opened up and that the one whom He calls to do the work may follow God's leading.

NATIVE EVANGELISTIC CORRESPONDENCE IN THE SUDAN FIELD.

Raymond L. Edie, The American Mission, Khartum.

THERE has been a request for a glimpse at the evangelistic work carried on the Sudan as it might be revealed through the correspondence that takes place in directing the work. Quite an extensive work has been made possible through the Milton Stewart Fund and all the correspondence that is here referred to is from workers supported by this Fund. Brief excerpts from their letters should reveal something of the territory that is covered, the spirit in which the work is carried on and the call for such service to be increased.

The Extent of the Work.

The Evangelist in Dongola itinerates by means of the government steamer over a distance of 169 miles between Merowe and Dongola town. In a letter dated March 15th, 1922 he writes:

"I came from Dongola five days ago. God helped me to preach in this visit at Dongola, Argo, El-daba, El-Khandag and at Mantego."

Then he adds at the close of his letter:

"The members of Port Sudan sent me a letter and asked me for the practicing of the Lord's Supper and Baptism. As for me I cannot go because I am too busy. Please let me know your thought."

As Port Sudan is 959 kilometers from Merowe the director of the work could only express one thought. Port Sudan must wait for another evangelist.

The evangelist working in provinces which are on the border between the Northern and Southern Sudan writes of his trip:

"I arrived Medani yesterday morning with Mr. Hamilton (British and Foreign Bible Society's representative) We have visited Singa, Sennar and Makwar. God, our Father, has blessed us much everywhere."

From the evangelist in the Southern Sudan stationed at Nasser we have a letter which reads:

"I am glad to tell you that I am happy in my work here. I am going out every day to preach. I visit two and three villages daily and talk to many people. I give my report to Mr. Smith as he asks."

The Spirit of the Workers.

All of these letters express a spirit of real joy in the service together with a keen realization of its importance and the part that God plays in leading, guiding and blessing human efforts.

The evangelist at Nasser, aside from writing of his joy in the work there goes on to state:

"I have prayer meeting every afternoon with the Mission as we feel need prayer always.

"The people here are very simple and they have no Guide but what we are talking and doing. The work here is much different than in Khartum and Egypt.

"Kindly I would like you to pray for; (1) That we may keep in good health in this bad country; (2) Remember the work at Nasser that the people here may look for Jesus; (3) To bless the baptized boys that they may know their duty to show their people the way and the love of Jesus; (4) For my wife as she always gets sick and afraid from here. May she know that Jesus is a very big Doctor and He will not forget us. He will care for us all; (5) That we may keep our promise faithful with Jesus to be faithful in the work and do not be afraid of tired as we know Jesus did too (very) much."

And surely God has blessed the work at Nasser. A cable was sent to the New World Congress telling of eight baptisms on the last day that the Congress met. But Nasser reported later that the number was eighteen instead of eight. And in a letter just received from Mr. Adair he states: "Since our Communion Sabbath (the day of the eighteen baptisms) we have had an attendance I should say of over 140. A week ago yesterday was our high water mark with 173. The people were literally packed in. Yesterday there were over 150. Our new Christians are seemingly taking up their Christian life in earnest."

Some general letters from evangelists in the Northern Sudan are as follows:

"I think you would like to hear something of my trip. It was very pleasant. The first meeting we had 12 men, 14 women and 6 children. I began to visit the Christians and some of the Moslems and we had in other meetings more men and women and four Moslems. They begged me to visit them always each month."

"I think you did not hear anything about Argo. A message came from the Christians and some Moslems begging me to visit them especially when I didn't visit them about four months. I went there and spent four days. I was very glad for God opened their hearts to hear the Word of God, especially Abd El.... The Sub Mamour also asked me to visit him in his house and to pray there. I thanked God in this time for His Message to me. I gave that man a Holy Bible and promise me to read it every day. I returned back—after leaving the brethren there telling me to come always."

* * * * *

"I visited some of the districts and met some difficulties from the Catholics and the Coptics although we held the meetings and we will find the meeting crowded from Christians and some Moslems."

"I am very glad for I held a Sabbath School at Debba, Merowi and Kareima and most of the boys are Moslems. I taught them the song of 'Jesus, My Redeemer' (Tune, Onward Christian Soldiers.) When they see me they come and tell me what Jesus made for us, may we sing you, 'Jesus, My Redeemer.' I thank God for His work. Please remember us in your prayers."

* * * * *

The new evangelist in Dongola district who was previously pastor of Khartum congregations, an ordained man, writes in his first letter as follows:

"I am sure that you are waiting for a word from me concerning the work of God in Dongola Province. Therefore I am glad to write you the following:

"I began to visit all the Christians as soon as I reached Kareima. I visited every merchant and every employee in the government. I asked them about the suitable time which would suit them all for the religious meetings. I arranged the meetings according to their circumstances. Therefore the meetings are very good. They say that they never saw such meetings in the previous times. Please pray that such movements will be permanent and not for the time being. The work is difficult because I preach five times a week in Marowi and Kareima but it is interesting because the Christians and even the Moslems are longing to hear the Word of God."

* * * * *

"I came from Dongola five days ago. God helped me to preach in this visit. He helped me also not to preach to the

Christians only but to the highest classes of the Moslems as the Mamour, Sub-Mamour and the employees of the government. I was catching the opportunities in which the steamer would stop by night at the stations for holdings in the rest houses of the government.

"Please pray that the desire of hearing the voice of God which men and women showed would lead them to the saving of their souls."

The Call for Workers.

The letters so far mentioned have been chiefly from Dongola and it might be assumed that that field was being fairly well covered evangelistically but the following letter shows that there is still a call for workers. A native irrigation engineer writes:

"I beg to write this letter to you for the first time and to ask you to do us the following favour. Since 1918 the American Mission has been so kind as to send us—to serve in Dongola Province. We all understood here that his work was equally wanted in every place in the province and not only Merowi and Kareima and that the Mission has no objection to pay any cost of travelling that may occur.

"Now—is not doing so as it is now over three months since he visited us last, although we form quite a number of Christian families counting no less than any of Merowi and Kareima. Can you please inform him to be kind enough as to grant us fifteen days in every two months and I am prepared to take him to visit Argo as well very comfortably on my camels."

Similar letters often come from Christians in other localities, Christians who feel the need of a leader and a pastor who will supply their spiritual needs. These Christians have been known to go long distances that they may partake of the Lord's Supper with their brethren. I have known of special Communion Services being held in Khartum when only one such Christian happened to be passing through that city enroute for his place of work.

"Other cities have enough Christians to establish a Church but are able to obtain no pastor. Halfa, where the William Girls' School is, has such a Church and congregation but no pastor. Atbara, where one of our boys' schools is located is another city where the Christians have been most persistent in their request for a pastor. Port Sudan did have a congregation and a pastor but has now been without for several years. We have already noted their request of the Dongola evangelist and his question to the American Mission: "Please let me know your thought." And I wonder if that is not what is in the mind of many of our workers as they hear the call to serve.

"Please let us know your thought."

AN ERROR IN TECHNIC.

By a Contributor

TECHNIC may be defined as, "the method of procedure or the details of any surgical operation." —as Dorland puts it; or if you prefer Webster,—Artistic execution."

The medical missionary cut short his siesta and hied him to the clinic to get ready for an eye operation. There were many things to be done: instruments to be selected, examined and sterilized. Knives—I err for he had but the one and so better—the knife to be soaked in alcohol, table to arrange etc. Especially the etceteras are time consuming. For in those days we had no nurse, like we have

now to lighten the way. Better make sure the patient came as we told her to. Yes, there she is. Not very cheerful looking but still the worst is to get started.

So we scrub her up nicely and set her in a corner of the other room to dry. We thus economize on towels and also it doesn't wet their clothes any—not the least any. So the young surgeon (if he were older he would be wiser) goes into the other room to scrub up himself —in this case hands and forearms only.

Last look around and then for the patient. Yes, lots of clean, sterile gauze for mopping hemmorrhage, lots of sutures, two needles (one may break in going through that tough cartilage) iodine, boric acid, and all. Yes, all seems to be in order and complete and now it is 4 P. M. —a whole hour to get ready—how can it be possible? Why the operation itself only takes about fifteen minutes. Of course with no help trained for this thing it is slow out in the outposts.

Alright then, "Get the patient, please, "you say to Rev. Adair who has volunteered to hold instruments. He returns to ask where you told her to stay. "Why, right there in the corner," blankly. Likely gone to the river to get a drink at the last moment. (Shades of Doc's own days in medical school just before an important exam and other terrifying ordeals it bolsters you up a lot) Still, how annoying, darkness coming on and no artificial light with which to operate as have at home. At home you would be vexed if you were a great surgeon (ahem!) as they really think you are out here, and your only patient was so dilatory. But out here you sit in illy simulated patience knowing they are so hopelessly stupid. And then after about ten minutes, the river being only 50 feet away, you wonder, you commence to doubt, understanding comes to, rubbing her slow, sleepy eyes and you say "humph!" or "tut, tut!" You look at Adair, he looks at you and then you sadly put things all back, lock the door and go home. Lost her nerve! Sneaked out on us!

Do you blame her much? Next day I was able to smile over it along with those who had smiled at the time. That operation was a failure. What was the error. Surely everything was *sterile*— the most important thing aside from how you do the job in surgery—Yes you had done one just like this a week before and it was nice and clean and the result alright. I was scrubbed up and so was Adair. What was wrong—where the blunder? Who to blame?

Well I'll tell you this anyway. There was a new lock put on that front door and now we have the patient come in and then we lock it behind them. Not after them. Then we prepare everything and set the clinic man to stand guard over the victim in addition. "Only after years does your technic become perfect, Joe, "my friend Dr. Dixon the great surgeon at Columbia would say to me, and verily he was right. This was a fatal error in technic. I have now learned one more point and now we "execute artistically."

Unfortunately she never came back. She fled in fear from Sight only to fall into the pit of Darkness in which she must now sit all the rest of her life for it was a preventative operation to save her from blindness. The pit of Darkness is absolute too for she heard no more of the Gospel. It cost sight and soul—that one moment of paincky fear.

The operation was sufficient—had been for many others at least. Every detail of this operation but one was carried out. The Assistant was ready and willing. The Surgeon was even anxious to do what he could--his part. It would have hurt very little—that is the whole point—we would be more sympathetic if it were a long agony—only at the first. The start was the All in her case also. And she would have seen,—seen all of a beautiful world growing more beautiful every day for like so many have been in the past she would have likely been led to her Saviour, through this saved sight. What prevented? Relatives?—maybe. Home and children? —maybe. The cost in money?—this one was like Christ's way without money and price. Health?—maybe. But in that panicky moment when she got up and sneaked out the door, it was not relatives, friends, money, health, nor any such thing only that Santanic instilled fear of the pain involved.

Young woman, young man, confess it! You did sneak out on your Lord, didn't you? All things were ready, You even had your eyes washed with the water which gives clear sight and in the ecstasy of that moment, pain, relatives, home, wealth, health, nor any other creature could stay you. But in the interim—that awful waiting time when the Lord sifts His own—then you let in the Devil's archangel called FEAR and out you sneaked. You sneaked out after the New Wilmington Conference. You sneaked out after that Facts and Folks presentation. You sneaked out after the vision at the Congress. You were a quitter. Are you a quitter now? That is a more important question. Don't be downed eternally! Like our poor Nuer was. Come back. Oh come in trust implicit again to the Great Physician—Sight, joy, ecstatic living, more and more unto Him await you and also pain. Yes, come back to the pain. It is certain You will never leave your dear ones without it. No missionary ever did but the great Assistant is there. The Holy Spirit will instill the needed balm and the strong medicine of courage and a high heart. And then after all how soon it is over. When the boat pulls away and the limits of sight pull your dear ones away from you, then you turn almost immediately to the other side of that ocean and after all there is your heart's dearest waiting you on the other side.

Have been trying to live up to a resolve to never write except what I have lived. The Lord helped me in this to remember that. May He then bless this little tale to some wavering Peter and make him rock. Rooted and grounded through into the Rock Christ Jesus—able and eternally strong.

The harvests are so dead ripe—yes some is falling, like this poor Nuer Muslim who was eaten by a crocodile yesterday and we helped to bury him. You would be too late for him. God does not halt His processes even at harvest time. After harvest comes the falling into the ground, the birds of the evil one and death. Lord with our hearts bowed before Thee, we stand, Thou canst grip men's hearts with a courage big enough to baffle Satans big Angel FEAR and give us all to say, "Lord, here am I, send me"

SAYO—ABYSSINIA.

A Glimpse Of Clinic Life.

By Miss Ruth C. Beatty, Sayo, Abyssinia.

I WANT to give you a glimpse into our medical work. This is Saturday. The sun is shining brightly after the rain during the night. It is 8:30 A. M. and the patients have begun to arrive. They are supposed to gather outside the front door and wait until 9 o'clock but some of them are very impatient and go to the clinic kitchen and have to be told that they are supposed to stay in front of the clinic until it is time for them to receive their medicine. They obey but their attitude it is very apparent that they think that they should have immediate attention.

At nine o'clock when the people have assembled we try to give them a gospel message. Especially do they appreciate New Testament stories and listen very attentively to them. Then follows three busy hours. The first patient has an ulcer almost as large as the hollow of ones hand. It has been neglected until it has reached the bone. "Oh why haven't you come sooner?" He has no answer to give or if he has one, we can tell by the way that he answers us that he is not telling the truth. Sad to say these people never hesitate to tell a lie if they think it will assist them in any way. Sometimes I believe they do not stop to consider if it will be an advantage.

The next patient is a little baby which is carried in on the back of a slave in a skin. Its little head is exposed to the sun and flies. When the mother takes it out of the skin we see the dearest little baby. It is the picture of health except that it has some ugly sores on its body. It is so dirty. Its mother has bought it a new dress perhaps three or four months ago, put it on the baby and allows it to be worn until worn out. Neither dress nor baby has ever seen water. Its head is shaved with the exception of a spot on top of the head where the hair is allowed to grow quite long. This is oiled with butter and sometimes resembles sheep's wool after a rain. Very often there are charms attached to this hair usually coins of some kind. Around the babies neck there is a cotton cord to which are suspended leather bags rings and many other things. The bags contain verses of scripture which are thought to ward off disease. "Why don't you wash your baby we ask her?"

"Oh it was born that way and it would not be right to wash it."

Govre, our interpreter, brings in a basin of water. The baby fearing something is going to happen begins its part of the program. During the bath the mother is shedding big tears while the natives look on, some amused others sympathizing with the mother. After the bath whatever medicine is necessary is given and the mother is told to return with the baby on the following day.

The next patient is a little malnutrition baby. "What do you give your to eat?" We ask the father.

"Oh it doesn't eat very much but we give it corn to eat."

"And how old it it?"

"It is one year old." He says.

A year old and parched corn to eat! Is it any wonder that the dear little thing is skin and bones. After much persuasion the father and mother consent to leave the baby at the hospital for treatment. The mother is to stay with

it. Soon after admitting it we weigh it and find that it weighs just twelve pounds. We have had the little one eleven weeks and now it weighs eighteen and one fourth pounds.

"What does this man want?"

"He has syphilis and would like to have an injection."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"Mile Giftie, please lady. I am poor. My country far. I am a poor man."

A well dressed man with two or three slaves says he is poor and has no money. When he sees that he cannot deceive us he finally produces the money.

Here is another man who wants an injection and says that he has four dollars, but when he gives us the money there are only three dollars.

"But you said you had four dollars and where is the other one?"

Finally after some hesitation he brings forth the other dollar.

"What is your name little boy?"

"Moolessa!" Meaning one returned from the dead.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know." He looks to be about five years old.

"Where do you live?"

"I have no home. My mother has been dead one year and since that time I have been staying wherever I could. I have been many places during that time."

The sores on his legs are wrapped with leaves and these are tied on with thin strips from the bark of trees. The only clothing he has is a square of rags, which do not cover his body much less keep him warm. We take him in give him a bath, shave his head and give him a clean dress. He does not look like the same boy. He is quite an attractive little boy and some day I hope will be quite useful to the mission if some man does not claim he has been his slave, and takes him away.

The next patient is a girl eleven years old who has an enlarged cheek bone. One half of the upper jaw has grown three or four times its natural size, both inside and outside. Poor girl is in a pitiful conditions. An operation will necessitate the removal of the bone from below the eye and from the nose to the ear. The parents have given their consent to an operation knowing that it may be fatal.

As long as a slave is useful they are held by their masters for the work that they can do, but when their usefulness is ended they are cast out. If they find some one who is willing to give them protection they are taken in and given a home. If not they furnish food for the wild animals. Very soon after I came to Sayo Dr. Lambie and I were called out several miles from Sayo to see a sick woman. Along the path we found a woman lying who was apparently very sick. We left some one with her and made our visit and on our return we brought her to the hospital. As her mind was not clear the information that she was able to give us concerning herself was very unsatisfactory. Her brother who came to see her several times had a weak mental condition. She lived several months and then was removed from her misery. As there was nothing that could be done death was a blessing to her.

There has been many cases of small pox during the past year. During the epidemic there were five and six deaths every day, mostly children. How our hearts ached for them. We were unable to get good vaccine and they were beyond help of saving. When the patients had recovered from the disease the arms and

legs of many of them were a mass of sores caused by infection. We have had the privilege of caring for some of these people and through God's blessing they had a rapid recovery.

God is greatly blessing this work and we count it a great privilege as his servants to be able to relieve some of the suffering of these poor people and to point them to the great physician who can heal not only their bodies but their sin sick souls.

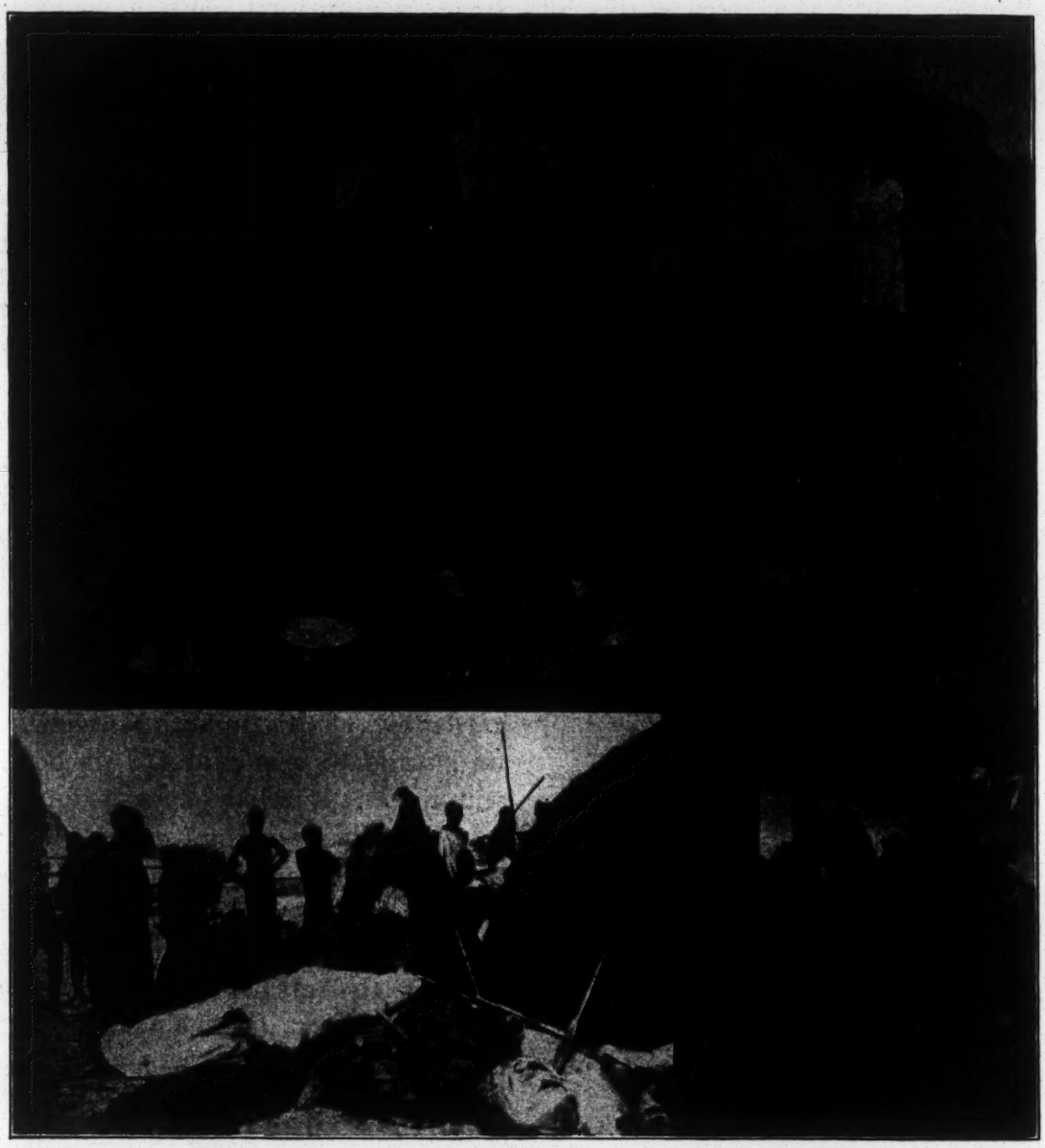
BEING A PIONEER MISSIONARY'S WIFE

By Mrs. Fred L. Russell.

WHAT more could one ask than to live in a land where it is eternal Spring, where it is never too hot to be comfortable with a fire in the evening nor too cold to enjoy wearing a light dress during the day, where there is lovely garden the year around and flowers in abundance at all times, where there are no flies nor mosquitoes, no fever nor opthalmia! Such in truth is Sayo Station, Abyssinia. However there is life's other side and this article is to show you how being a missionary, or at least a missionary's wife is not entirely sitting under a palm tree with an open Bible in one's hand, as many think.

To begin with, as at home, the wife's first duty, or at least the most persistent and most often recurring, is to supply the family with three meals a day. If that seems to seem difficult at times you can phone the grocer for anything you think of and have it in at least an hour, stop and think how it would go if all you could get from the grocer was dry peas, corn and redpepper! Everything else must be bought for a year ahead or made in your own kitchen. For consolation, eggs are fourteen for 10 cents—sounds like angel food, doesn't it—but sugar is over forty cents a pound, the cheapest we can get it here. The milk is lovely, the cows enormous, but it takes at least two cows to feed our baby—no she is not a gormand—the best cows give only a quart a day. It is nice to have green vegetables all the while, but these we must raise ourselves, irrigating down by the spring, a full half mile from the house, during the dry season, and that is considerable more work than to buy or store vegetables as we do at home. It is warm enough that we can not store anything for any length of time. It either grows or dries up. When the missionary has to be carpenter, agriculturalist, teacher, preacher and general manager and accountant, it is as little as the missionary's wife can do to try to take the gardening off his mind. Garden boys we have at $1 a month, so I do not hoe and dig, but it is like having children to help you, they must not only be "showed" but they must be watched. To add to the usual pests that trouble the gardener in America, here the monkeys eat the corn, the rats eat the peas and beans and porcupines dig the potatoes (But not for us) and the antelope eat everything. This is only during the dry season when green things are so scarce, during the rainy season from April to November, everything grows in rank abundance, weeds included. Our flowers are lovely and the year around we have roses and all kinds of annuals, though the garden boy insisted that the lily bulbs were better for him to eat than for me to look at.

For two months before Easter, the native Christians fast, eating no meat nor animal product. Now the only fat we can have is tallow—pigs being hated as much as by the Jews—and of course when the people stopped eating meat



THE ANSWER TO THE CALL BY DR. T. A. LAMBIE.

1. Administration Building.

2. Miss Beatty with some of the clinic patients, Sayo—Dr. Lambie.

3. A sick baby who was helped by the nurse at Khartum. N.

4. Our Corn Meal Grinder, Sayo, Dr. Lambie.

5. Left to right. Dr. Sowash, Rev. Taylor, Mr. McMillan, arriving at Gombela, Abyssinia.

6. Children of the village inspecting the missionaries' bed. This special picture was taken by Mr. Smith when he was on one of his trips.

7. The stone quarry at "Hilcrest," Sayo, Abyssinia. Stone being taken out for the Hospital.

there were no more cows killed and consequently no tallow for two months. Not knowing of the custom until it was upon us I had only a small amount on hand. The only alternative was native butter—I am sorry to say that words can not convey smells, for that is what native butter chiefly is—smell. They use it for their hair, which is why I enjoy teaching my girls school in the open air. A combination of Limburger and rancid fat is as near to it as I can come to it with words—it is indescribable! The cook assured me that he knew how to boil it down so that it was even better than our own butter, with my permission to do anything to improve it, he reboiled it with onions and charcoal and it really was nice and clean and a tiny bit of the odor went with the onions, however it still permeated the whole place when anything was frying. Well, to make a long story very short, we ate everything boiled or baked for two months!

In the midst of this siege comes the Governor to visit us. Now this is a much more auspicious event than it would be in America, for he is king over his province, and everyone, excluding ourselves, must kiss his feet, and even wear their waiya (cloak like cloth) draped in a special way in his presence. He arrived on Sabbath, as they always do in this country, it seems to us, and we sent him a big platter of fruit, saying it was our rest day, and inviting him to eat with us on the next day. Now the bigger the man the less dependable his word, as to time and place, so it was not at all surprising, though rather annoying, when the next day, all the workmen being arrayed in their best and everything in readiness, he did not come. The worst of it from the Missionary's wife's point of view was that the last of the precious salad oil had been sacrificed to make biscuit and cakes and cookies for His Highness, for during the fast no eggs, milk, butter or animal fat can be used even in the cookies, and these same things were growing stale. The second day was the same and finally the third day when we had decided that the men must go back to work, that the washing must be done, and no one was any nearer ready than the Missionary, who clad in coveralls, laying rafters for a roof, and the missionary's wife who was teaching school that day so he could get the roof ready for the natives to lay the grass, with no more warning than that our cook saw him coming down the lane—His Highness arrived! Quickly clothes were changes, the biscuits reheated, tea made and we were ready to receive! The first thing he asked when food was offered was whether it contained any eggs, milk or fat. I just wished he knew that my precious salad oil was being devoured while we were having to live on native butter, but I didn't mention it. Nevertheless, we had a polite visit, gave him a lot of medicine and the biggest ox on the place for his men and his visit was over. Now another man has taken his place, and I suppose we will have the performance to repeat, let us hope it will not be in the fasting season!

In America, the land of quick service, it is impossible to realize how awful a little accident can be here in this place, where it is nine months between any chance of receiving supplies. For instance when we discovered just as our stuff was being packed in Brooklyn that the dozen extra lamp chimneys were the wrong size and had to be returned, too late to be replaced and we started with two lamps and two chimneys we little thought we would go half way round

the world and still find all our efforts vain to replace those extra chimneys. Luckily the two came through in completeness and the one which broke itself setting on the mantle still left us one light, which with candles and lantern did very well until,—fateful night—while heating milk for a little malnutrition baby that Miss Beatty has revived, a drop splashed and our ONE chimney is no more! The next time you go to the farm and think you "Just can't see anything with that old kerosene lamp" just remember that this is being written by candle light! What is more, everything that is done after 6 P. M. (we have days and nights of equal length the whole year here, only nine degrees from the equator) for the next six weeks, when the first boat arrives, will also be done by candle light. That is, it will be six weeks if our order from Montgomery-Ward comes on the first boat—it may come on the last one! Like Polyanna, we are all glad that it didn't break six months ago.

Next time Johnny or Susie has to have a new pair of stockings just a week after you bought the last pair, or the little shoes last only a month, you will please stop and wonder what you would do if you positively could not get another pair for nine months! Never having closely observed how fast little shoulders broaden, little bodies lengthen and little feet kick through shoes, I realized four months before there was a possible chance for re-inforcements that I had underestimated, a year and a half previously, what a little girl could wear out and grow out of and that our baby was without shirts and shoes. Now we are not too poor to clothe our children, even if we are missionaries, far from it, but when the mail will not bring the packages and the boat can't come for nine months, there is just one thing left to do. Accordingly, along with other duties the missionary's wife makes the baby's shirts and from native leather—your choice of crimson or purple with a smell like the native butter—I make the baby's shoes. That is, I have made them, next year I shall order a dozen pairs of assorted sizes to keep in the little feet.

In Abyssinia, one receives callers when they call, there is no such a thing as an afternoon at home, in fact half the time they call in the morning so they can get medicine when the clinic is open. One may be in the midst of baking, gardening or a shampoo, it makes no difference. The order for the missionary's wife is this: Call to the cook to hurry and make coffee, grab the ever ready mending basket and receive as graciously as though the cake wasn't spoiling because it was sitting on the table instead of baking in the oven, or the garden boy wasn't pulling up the beets instead of the weeds because you had to run before you could show him. Then, after greetings, if the callers are important enough, call the Missionary from his school or from overseeing making the new barn, and then *sit*. No one is in a hurry any place in the world except in America and the sooner a missionary gets over it the longer he will live—his wife, too—but we haven't learned it yet, so when we have served coffee, and have been sufficiently polite, we show them the buildings or the garden or something out-of-doors and they finally depart. Please, you see the common people, for whom we hope to do so much and for whom we are working would not think of coming into our house, they are not big enough, but the "big" people, who work not one bit but who live off the others and who do call in our

homes are native Christians and feel no need for our Gospel, do not attend our services and whose entire interest in us lies, I am sorry to say, in the medicine and other favors we can give them so do not think we are shirking our opportunity in being a bit bored with our frequent callers.

Having left washing some woolen clothes which I did not trust to the boy, one morning to entertain such callers, I was further enlightened on the ways of living in Abyssinia—not of the people but the animals. The boy had just finished scrubbing out the cupboard, which had been infested with little ants, too troublesome a pest to be treated in such a short article as this, and all the food was on the dining table. Upon hearing a crash that smote upon my ears and heart at once, that of breaking china, I rush out in time to see our water-donkey gazing at the broken dish with its contents of cottege cheese, as it lay in ruins on the floor. The boy rushed in at the same time with the ever present stick that the natives carry, and upon administering a resounding whack on the donkey's back that individual proceeded to open his mouth very widely, emitting with the usual donkey sounds a generous portion of the cheese which landed in the middle of the parlor rug, a leopard skin. The mess cleaned up, the frightened baby soothed, the callers departed, I returned to my washing which had been carried out on the back veranda, I thought things looked a bit topsy-turvy and soon discovered an over friendly cow near at hand contentedly munching lux out of a tin box which contained my whole supply, several boxes. Upon summoning aid we pursued bossy, who, as she threw up her head, found the tin box firmly fastened on her nose, the chase was spirited as she became more frantic at the pressure of the sharp tin on her nose, finally the cook knocked the box off with his ready stick and the cow ran off to her master's home where I am sure she is never fooled into eating soap, an unheard of article among these people. When I recovered the box there was a full tablespoon of lux left, no more! Now I shall prove whether or not Ivory soap is as satisfactory for washing woolens as lux—who knows, I may become used to pounding up a certain greasy leaf for soap as the natives do. This may sound as though our house were sort of infested with large animals but such occurrences are because the animals lack the finest of distinction which tells them that this is a "big" man's house, as they have spent their whole lives in the same house with their owners, how should they know what strange ways we have of making a separation of man and beast.

These are just a few things that fill the days and keep a rich variety to a life that one who didn't know might think would be monotonous, seeing no other white people for nine months at a time. We have not yet found time to feel that way and would choose no place else to work for our Master than just this place. I hope this has not sounded like a complaint in any sense for we laugh at them as soon as the first vexation has passed and thank the Lord for Grace sufficient for ALL things and a saving sense of humor. Don't be afraid to be a missionary's wife—a pioneer one at that—it is many times more interesting than anything I have ever found and besides these details there is time for work among these women and girls that we pray God will in time bring rich returns for him.

"HOW SHALL THEY HEAR WITHOUT A PREACHER?"

Fred L. Russell, Sayo, Abyssinia.

IN a half-way house between Burre and Gore we were resting for the night and as is our custom were having Bible reading and prayer with the servants and our carriers. Into the light of the camp-fire drew the old keeper of the hut and his wife and listened eagerly to the reading of the Word in their own tongue. When prayers were finished the old man said, "How did those words of your God get into our language" and when assured that it was words of his God too, he said, "No, there are many Christians here but they do not talk like that, they just talk about money and stealing and their cattle." How we did wish that we might stay and teach him more but the journey must be quickly finished, we could not even promise him to return and we could not even help him by giving him a Bible for he could not read a single word.

This is only one instance of many similiar and how one's heart aches to teach them all. Since that is impossible the best we can do is to teach their boys and pray that soon they will be taking the Light to their own people. In the school here now we have about forty boys, over half of whom have learned to read their own language in the last year, so that they now study Bible stories, the New Testament, spelling, geography and history in their own script and tongue (These books were secured through the Swedish Mission in Adis Abbaba) A dozen boys show such exceptional promise that they are being taught English, and are making rapid progress. I wish you could visit the Bible hour every day, hear the boys singing psalms most lustily of course you would not understand the words nor would the tune sound just right to your Western trained ear but they know the words, which are such a contrast to their own rough hunting songs and the tune is that they love a minor chant. They sing also a few tunes very well, and know "Children Come" both in English and Galla.

We receive word frequently, "Please, may we send our boys to your school" from big men in other provinces, so far we have said "Wait, we have no place for them to live," now we have quit saying that and though we have no more place than before are planning on a Boarding school next Fall, the corn, beans, peas and wheat for the food already is growing and we are trusting the Lord to help us get a house ready and send helpers for the teaching. With the boys in a Home we can teach such essentials as cleanliness, morality, the honor of work and many things not written in books but which count more in changing their lives than knowledge itself. When we were in Gore the Dejazz (governor) said "If you will only come here and open a school, I will compell all people to make their boys stop working in the fields and come to school." Who will come to take that opportunity?

Many of the native Christians have left off fasting, which means they are thrown out of the native Church. If only we had someone to give full time to Evangelical work great crowds could be preached to every market day and and in every place in the woods where he would wait for a few minutes for the people to come from their homes. Remember Who said, "Go ye into ALL the world and preach the Gospel," and think of these eager lost souls who can not hear without a preacher. Won't you come?

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIA

Mrs. E. L. Porter, Rawalpindi, India, Editor.

A CHARACTER SKETCH

Written by an "Old Girl" of Lal Bagh, who was later a student in the Kinnaird College.

He is a most interesting character, chiefly because he was brought up by Miss Thoburn. The "Old Girls" regard him almost as a brother. He is the very first person they ask for when they revisit their Alma Mater.

Gungu is not in his glory now, because old age seems to be pressing on him. Old and feeble he is not fit for hard work but is unwilling to stay at home and do nothing, so he does all the odd jobs. In his day he has filled almost every place that a servant can fill—from an office peen to a waiter in the dining room.

One can never be mistaken when Gungu is around because with every springy step his toes crack. Gungu has his peculiarities. In the first place he thinks he ought to know every one that comes to Lal Bagh. Naughty girls tease him by running up to him and saying "Gungu, don't you know me?" Of course he knows her, and can even tell the year when she first came to school even though this is the first time he has seen her!

He tries to oblige everyone. How much precious time has so often been wasted over the tongas (one horse vehicles which ply for hire) that Gungu went to bring.

The interest that the "Old Girls" take in him is almost tender. At one time one of the girls, hearing that he had become subject to the evil drink habit, spoke to him most tenderly and said "Gungu, do nothing which will in any way disgrace us or Miss Thoburn." Poor Gungu broke down, and I am sure these words bore fruit.

Gungu's interest in the girls and teachers alike is fatherly. When waiting on girls at table he refuses to remove their plates if he thinks they have not eaten. enough. It is no good arguing with him, for he will not give in. He takes just as keen an interest in the teachers. When any one of them is sick and Gungu is sent up with the meals, it is almost impossible to convince him that she does not care for anything to eat. He begins to name everything there is on the tray, feeling sure that he will hit on something that she likes.

Gungu is very lovable when seen with children. In a party of old and young Gungu makes it a point to wait on the little ones. It does one good to see him smile and talk with them. Fond of children, he is himself childish in some ways. At one time there was to be a party. The Principal did not follow Gungu's advice in some particular and she did not think anything more of it. After a time she missed him and sent servants to look for him. Of course they expected to find him in the dining room or by the office; but he was in neither of these places. After much searching he was found sulking on the terrace.

Even though these incidents make us smile Gungu has greater depths. The influence of Miss Thoburn's life is not lost yet. His admiration for her was seen when at the Jubilee at a servants' meeting he was asked to speak about Miss Thoburn. After telling of her personal character, he said in a most touching manner, "and God called her because this kingdom was too small for her."

AVALON NOTES.

This year the Government granted two General Excellency Scholarships to Avalon High School. This is the first year that these scholarships have been given. One is given in the Primary Department of the school and was earned by the daughter of the self-support paster at Dhariwal. The child's mother was a famine orphan who was rescued by Miss Emma Dean Anderson.

The second Scholarship was won by a girl who was given double promotion from the second middle to the fourth high class and still came out with the highest average in the whole school. This girl is a member of the Church at Pathankot.

This second scholarship is given in the Middle and High Departments of the school.

We feel very proud of the girls that have earned these scholarships.

Among the girls who have gone on to College after passing through Avalon one girl this year completed the four year's course in Kinnaird College and passed the Government examination gaining her B. A. degree. This is the first girl from Avalon who has finished her college course. This year Kinnaird College also passed three girls in the Intermediate examination who earned the F. A. degree from among the Avalon girls.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt.

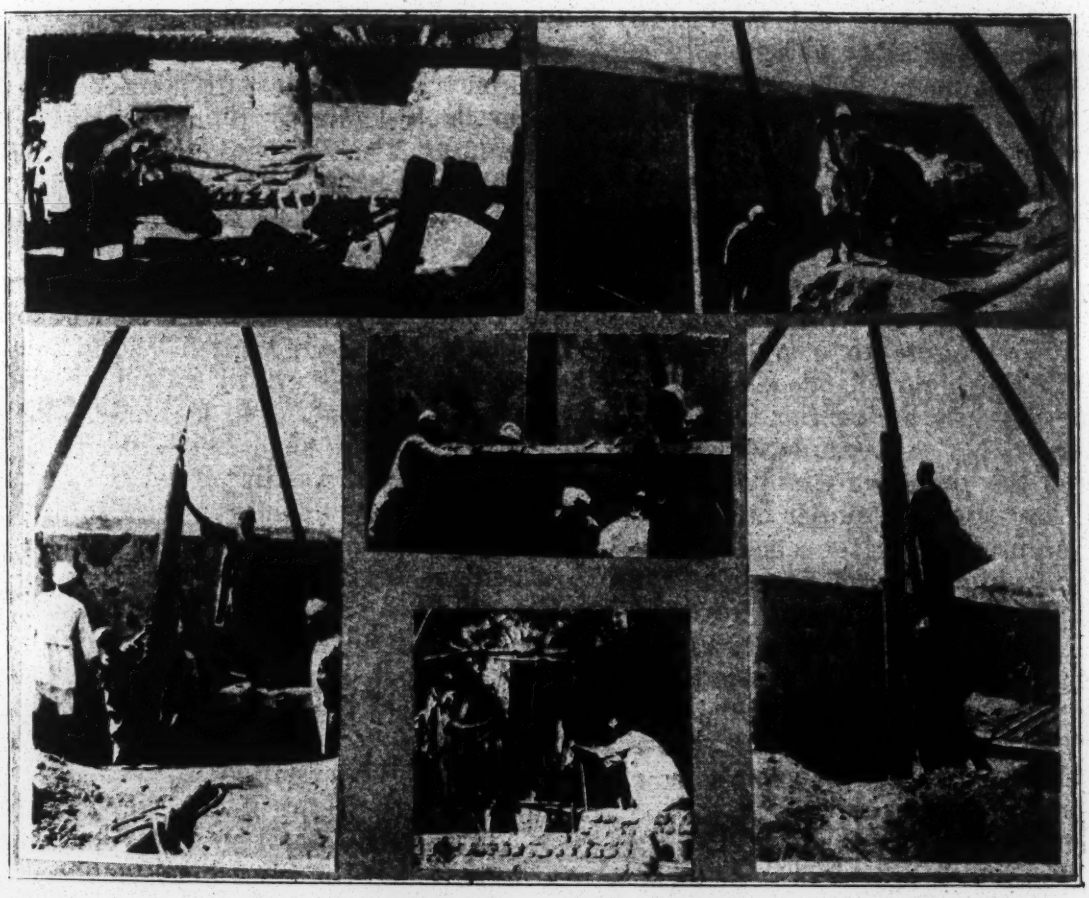
Dear Friends:

We have had much difficulty in getting water for our acre and a half of garden. From August to November, the high Nile fills a canal just north of us and we get all the water we need by hiring a man at twenty-five cents a day to lift it to the irrigation ditch by a shadoof, an affair something like an old-fashioned well sweep. From November to August, we used to get the water from a well partly owned by us, where it was raised by a water wheel or saggia, turned by a camel. From April to November the garden must have water once a week, to do well. During the war camels were requisitioned so we fell back on cows. Then cows became scarcer and weaker and more expensive, until finally the poor things would work a week and not have the garden finished then. So we built a brick culvert across the road and a long elevated ditch and bought water from a neighbor who had a pump and engine. But that has been unsatisfactory. Always there is some excuse to delay the water, and the garden has suffered. Especially is this true in summer when we are not there. Last summer the garden went twenty-one days at a stretch and all our early fall vegetable seedlings died. So, all in all, we have rejoiced greatly over the grant from the New World Movement funds of enough for a pump and engine of our own, together with an electric light plant, which will do away with our bothersome and dangerous lamps and candles.

First of all, there must be a new deep well driven about 100 feet, so there would be an abundance of clear water. That could not be done till the water in the Nile and so in the ground, would be at its lowest, in April. Mr. Hart had charge of the work, and hoped to have the garden pump, new tanks for the house, and piping all installed before the end of May, the electricity would go in during the summer. Mr. Hart hoped to give a contract for the whole thing to a Swiss engineer, but, at the last minute, he raised his price $1000.00 above our funds, so that was given up and he is superintending the work himself.

A gang of eight men, with a boss, Labeeb, started the well about April first. Their apparatus is most crude. A large iron pipe about nine inches across is driven down first, Then the smaller perforated pipe well wrapped with strainer's wire is lowered inside the other and the outer pipe pulled up. First a square hole about three feet deep was dug, and a smaller round hole in the center went deeper. Two lengths of pipe were laid across the hole, their ends imbedded in the ground. An upright length was inserted between them. Then a couple of beams were clamped below these pipes and two others clamped to the upright pipe about three feet above them. These two sets were held together by two large screws, one on each side the upright pipe. Screwing down on the nuts above the upper beams would force the two sets together and thus force the pipe clamped to the upper ones, into the ground. Three poles were then set in the ground to make a derrick over the hole and a pulley attached at the top. A wire cable ran over the pulley and back to a windlass. A beam about twelve feet long was hinged to a piece buried in the ground, so the free end was pointed toward the well and about four feet from it. The first 25 feet or so of digging was through the Nile silt which was packed to be almost like rock, so a drill was used to break it up. The drill was a piece of an old railroad iron, sharpened at the lower end. That was fastened to the end of the cable and lowered into the pipe. Then the free

end of the hinged beam was fastened by a rope to a clamp on the cable, so that when the drill rested on the ground, the beam would rest shoulder high at its free end. Six men grasped the beam and pushed it down, as in picture No. 1, thus raising the drill. They would all let go at once and let the drill down, thus breaking the ground. At the same time two men in the pit, turned the nuts of the screws with wrenches a yard long, and so forced the pipe down into the loosened earth. After this had gone on



WELL DUG BY MR. HART.

Illustration shows various operations in digging well as described in this article.

for a time the drill would be taken off the cable and a big iron bucket with a valve opening in at the bottom, hooked on, then that would be raised and allowed to fall, till it had gathered up the loose dirt and water inside the pipe. That was then raised and swung over to one side as in picture No. 2, and emptied.

When the length of pipe was almost disappearing below ground, a new one was lifted by the cable and the lower end started to screw on the pipe in the ground. After it was well started, the rope binding the cable to it was removed by a man standing on the shoulders of his comrade as in picture No. 3. Then a long beam was bound to the pipe and from four men pushing on that, screwed the length securely into the other, as in No. 4. Then the work proceeded as at the first.

At about twenty-five feet down, they struck coarse sand. After that the drill was not necessary, the bucket alone gathering up the sand, so the work went faster. It was continued until at about 100 feet, they came to rock, which even the drill could not break. Between the soil and the sand the bucket brought up some broken pieces of old pottery, that from the texture is supposedly predynastic, i. e., 3000 or more years old.

During the drilling, at the bottom, the

drill caught in the pipe and the cable broke. All efforts to fish it with hooks and raise it proved hopeless. So the whole pipe had to be raised and the work begun over. Fortunately, the drill came with the pipe, so it could go back in the same hole and thus the work of breaking through the 25 feet of soil a second time, was saved. After the inner pipe was lowered inside the other and they commenced to raise the other, the inner one caught and came with it, so the smaller pipe all had to come out and two lengths of the drive pipe be put in again. That time the inner pipe was successfully put down and the other raised.

All that meant delay. When the end of May arrived and school closed the foundation of the house to cover the machinery was not yet laid, the engines had not arrived from Europe, and the piping was not done. So Mr. Hart stayed on in the heat, alone, to finish all that is possible now, and will have to go back in August to complete the work before the high Nile floods it out. The same delay is happening to our electric wiring. No contractor will undertake it for the price we can pay, so it, too, will have to go in under our own supervision, probably, after school opens. Such is any kind of construction work in Egypt. But we shall enjoy our water and lights when they finally arrive, and are very grateful to the friends at home who have made them possible.

Truly yours,
IDA WHITESIDE.

SOME FRIENDS.
By A Contributor.

When one goes to a strange land where a strange language is spoken one feels how useless is his mother tongue; such was my feeling when I first came to Cairo. As I went about the city and the condition of the street children oppressed me more and more I found that I wanted to talk to them. But how could I? Then I tried smiling at the little street sweepers, boot blacks, or the little salesmen and every time I smiled I had a most cordial smile given me in return showing, usually, two rows of white teeth. As time went on and I met these children often we began to feel a bit acquainted, and it is about some of these little street friends I wish to tell you.

One day I stopped at a filling station and a little fellow about seven years of age, judging by his size, seemed to have full charge of things. His eyes snapped as he said, "benzine?", and I nodded my head, "yes." Soon he appeared carrying a two gallon can and made ready to empty it into the tank of the automobile. I began protesting, in gestures, but with a jerk of his head which I interpreted as, "I can do it!" I had to let him try. As the last drop was emptied in he looked up so triumphantly and I caught a childs sweet smile which I shall not soon forget; the buckshish he received was small pay for the smile he gave. The anticipation of seeing his smile has more than once taken me to that filling station and if he is about I never am disappointed. And so our friendship has grown up out of his one word, "benzine" and his smile. Whether other people have been lured to this station by the smile or not, I can't say, but any way, business is now so prosperous that two big, red, American looking benzine stations stand in front of my little friend's place of business.

My friend, Mohammed, with his box of shoe polish and brushes, does business about the Mission House. From tourists he has picked up some English words so we carry on a limited conversation. He has lost the sight of one eye, his face is scarred with small pox pits and he always wears the same black galibea. He says, his mother is dead and that his father is cross if he does not bring him money; that he often sleeps out on the street all night. Mohammed is very persistent in his desire to, "clean your shoes." One day he was doing mine and as he sat on the running board of the automobile he sang and at the same time polished my shoes with such vigor that I felt the motion inside the car. I never did have such a good shine. He does business on the principle of giving value for money received and so insists on cleaning my shoes when I have given

him some buckshish and have not time to wait.

I'd like to tell you about my friend who sells beads on a busy tram corner or the ironing boy and his brother but I can not for I must tell you about my baby friend, Abdue. But I do want to say that these boys always greet me with a most cordial smile and it is the same when I meet them several times a day. Abdue, the name means, "messenger of the flowers," is the son of the bowab at the house next to ours. His mother is in her native mud village and he is here with his father. Not much care is given the little four year old fellow so he plays in the street and loiters about the neighboring cafes. Abdue's great charm is his baby voice and baby hands along with his smile as he says the few English words I have taught him. He and I are learning together to count in Arabic and we do it on the, "this pig went to market," system. I bought him a slate and pencil hoping to teach him to make the figures (I have learned the characters from the carriage numbers as I try to pass them) but some way our education progressess slowly. He knows I much prefer a boy with clean hands and face, so when I stop to talk to him he always looks guilty and begins wiping his hands on his galibea, or runs off to wash at the faucet in the garden wall.

Abdue's clothing, like all the other street children, is not so much that he is over burdened with it. His long, red striped galibea or his unbleached muslin one coming to his knees, which his father made while sitting on the street curb, with his wee yellow cap makes him a part of the street picture in front of our home. My baby friend displayed his bowab instinct one day when he followed me to the garage. While I was busy inside one of my little acquaintances, whom Abdue did not know, came up; my attention was soon called to the door where Abdue's doubled up fists were making rapid progress in driving away the other boy. He thought it his duty to protect me and the automobile.

These little street fellows with many, many others make a part of the human interest of Cairo's activities. You wonder about their lives—where they sleep, who are their mothers and sisters, and what "home" can mean to them. And then you wonder what they will be like when they grow up. You can not but hope that the same instinct which prompts their smiles now will hold sway in their hearts then.

Cairo, Egypt
June 3, 1922.

Dear Friends:

To begin with I want to tell you of an incident that occurred at the American Diplomatic Agency not long ago that will warm the cockles of your hearts as it did ours. The Consul General and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Howell of Dayton, Ohio, who came to Egypt this past winter, were giving their first official dinner to cabinet members and people of note. Before the event took place some member of the diplomatic corps interviewed Dr. Howell regarding the liquor to be served at the dinner reminding him that it was a matter of importance that the best wines should be used. The consul said, "Very well, the matter will be attended to." Later on the interview was repeated and an attempt made to impress duly upon the new consul the very great importance of the quality of the drinks. This time the consul informed the man that he and Mrs. Howell would personally superintend the matter so they need be no further anxiety about it. Accordingly we are told that for the dinner a perfectly delicious American fruit punch was concocted and set before the guests. During the dinner one of the ministers said to Sarwat Pasha, the Prime Minister, "What is this that we are drinking?" Whereupon Sarwat Pasha replied, "I am sure I do not know, but I know it is the most delicious drink I ever tasted." It certainly is good to have a man of such sterling worth at the head of the American community in Egypt. Such an incident cannot help having a great influence for good in a Moslem land where temperance and prohibition are popular in theory if not in pratice.

Missionaries working among Moslems occasionally use the subject of temper-

ance as a drawing card or introduction to a new community for it is generally conceded that without some such method one need not expect a very considerable number of hearers. This is especially true in lower Egypt in the evangelistic work carried on from the mission boat "Allegheny." A few years ago it was considered next to useless for an evangelistic missionary to go without a doctor who set up tents and instituted a clinic to attract patients to whom the evangelist would preach the gospel while the people waited. Of late the "Allegheny" has had no physician so my husband who has been in charge of the boat the past year has adopted the lantern method of alluring people, giving the first lecture on Temperance, the second on The Life of Christ, and the third on The Death of Christ. This method has brought results in securing numbers. In the little town of Aga where the meetings were most satisfactory, although not the largest held, an average of one hundred Moslems and seventy-five Coptic Christians attended each night. The few Protestant Christians resident in the town rented a large native coffee house where the meetings were held. The interest of the hearers the first night was gratifying although what might be expected, but to our great delight the interest was sustained throughout the series of addresses.

In one village near Mansourah which we visited during Easter week over ninety Moslems, men and women, stopped outside the one Coptic house on the edge of the town to hear a gospel message. The most interesting thing in this gathering was the face of a young sheikh who literally sat on the edge of his seat taking in the story of the Woman of Samaria. He told us that he had a gospel of Matthew and that he would go home and read it. He walked with us to the Ford which had to be left some distance from the village and he said he would like to meet with the itinerating evangelist every week to study the gospel when he came to their town.

At another town some distance from Mansourah we had a good time explaining the gospel to a group of men at the house of the mayor. The mayor told our evangelist that he was glad to have us visit him but that he was afraid of his people for already he was suspected of being too friendly toward Christianity. During our talk with the men a very much interested sheikh seemed to grow suddenly fanatical and for a time argued vigorously against the gospel bringing forward the stock arguments presented by Moslem apologists. We left rather disappointed because of this man's change of attitude but the evangelist told us that all this arguments was for effect seeking to turn away suspicion from himself as he was one of four sheikhs who meet in secret to study the gospel together. These four also meet from time to time with the evangelist when he visits their town and in his judgment they are almost persuaded of the truth of the gospel. We did not meet the other three skeikhs as they were afraid to be seen by the people openly listening to the gospel message.

Will you not, dear friends, pray for these and other Moslems who are so nearly convinced of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Pray also that with the new independence in Egypt there may be more religious liberty.

THE WORLD'S Y. W. C. A.

The World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association holds a full meeting every two years at some place outside of London—the World's headquarters at such times a Conference or commission is also arranged to which come delegates from all over the world. The last meeting, just held, June 10,—'22, took place in the lovely village of St. Wolfgang in the Salzerkammergut region of Austria. This district is justly famous for its beauty. St. Wolfgang is situated on a beautiful lake surrounded by mountains. The one conference excursion was a trip to the top of the Schafberg Alp just back of the village, 1780 meters high; where could be seen snow capped peaks beyond; and spread out in different directions below us five lovely lakes nestled among the wooded mountains. The whole panorama was such as one would see from an aeroplane.

The World's Commission met for five days with representatives from almost every European county, from Canada, the United States, from New Zealand and Australia, from South America; and with missionary representatives from China, India, Egypt and Palestine. In all there were about 200 delegates. There were three sessions a day and all addresses were given in English and German and the more important items were also translated into French. The hymns of the conference were printed in English and in French and in addition to these two languages, one heard the delegates of Eastern Europe singing along with us in the German tongue. Every body sang from the heart and the music seemed wonderful.

The President of the World's Young Women's Christian Association, the Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave, was present during both the commission and the meeting of the world's committee. At the latter she presided throughout but during the commission she was assisted by Miss Ruth Rouse, Chairwoman of the Commission, and by several vice presidents of the World's Young Women's Christian Association.

The chief theme for discussion during the Commission was, "The Interpretation of Christ to the Young Women of Today," and it will be gratifying to many Christian people to know that the World's Young Women's Christian Association reaffirmed in no uncertain voice that the chief message of the Association today must be a spiritual message. Much interest was displayed in this fundamental, spiritual basis by the delegates present from some of the younger nations, whose youth are today grouping their way very slowly out of a chaos of unbelief approaching atheism. One can never forget the deep impression made by a delegate from Czecho-Slavakia when she told of the work of some of the American secretaries among her people who wanted nothing of Christianity, "How do they bring us to want something we almost hated when they can not speak of Christ to us?" she said. "It would be difficult to tell you just how, but as they work among us we just see the love of Christ and His joy shining out of their eyes and faces. We see they have something we have not and we are lead to want it." This sincere testimony made us feel very humble and further it made us realize that there are many ways of interpreting Christ to a lost world.

The most difficult matter for discussion during the meeting of the World's Committee which occupied the latter five days, was the question of the affiliation of Associations in conquered territory. I mention this to show how manifestly the Spirit of Christ worked those days. A number of Associations in former German territory wished naturally to retain affiliation with the Fatherland while the World's Young Women's Christian Association has always insisted that Associations be linked up with the country in political power. In some cases this meant that Associations established firmly on evangelical lines would be joined up to new countries that are as yet only groping toward such truth. It was indeed a vexing question but the way in which the Spirit prevailed in answer to prayer, was nothing less than miraculous. Not an unkind word was spoken and, I believe not even thought, but on the contrary there was a wonderful spirit of Christian forbearance and of longing to get together.

Perhaps no hour of the whole conference was more impressive than the Sabbath morning communion service conducted by Pastor Thieler, a German evangelical pastor, who serves on the National Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association. The service, held in the sitting room of Hotel Peter where the conference was entertained, was very simple and the communicants received the elements from the hand of Pastor Thieler as they knelt in relays. Members of Eastern and Western Churches knelt together and were truly made one by the blood of the everlasting Christ, to whom be the honor and glory.

Very sincerely,
MRS DAISY GRIGGS PHILIPS.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

GO YE!

In this issue there is a gallery of photographs that should have a great meaning to others, besides the friends of the missionary party there represented. If the United Presbyterian Church is in earnest concerning its Missionary propaganda there can not be any indifference in its membership regarding the obligations assumed. The most remarkable story of Christian Missions is not alone found in the experience of the missionary on the field, but also of equal interest and alike of great faith, are we impressed with those who volunteer to go into the strange lands to meet and over come all the difficulties. Just now in the home land are many alluring opportunites open to the educated youth. The comforts and pleasures of American life are of great attraction, and all of the love, of kindred and friends to make life one of ease and luxury. These are realities we cannot efface they are the inheritance of kinship and friendship in a land of Christian blessings a land overflowing with luxury and indulgence of plenty and to spare a land where none dare molest or make us afraid in our choosen mode of worship. And yet, in the face of every inducement to enjoy these things there comes to the young people of our Church the command "Go Ye" and there are many who have said "Here am I" "Send me!" Is it not a glorious Gospel we have that invites the best of the Church to volunteer to go into any field and occupy any sphere assigned to them.

At the New Wilmington and Tarkio conferences not only this year, but at each year of their seventeen years of conference and prayer there have been young men and young women who are not only prepared intellectually and physically for this undertaking but equally as sincere and thoughtful in the demands of their spiritual fitness, and who have most cheerfully and willingly passed by all the allurements of the American home and social advantages and have chosen to give their lives to the service of Jesus Christ as needed in the distant lands. There is nothing in all the world more beautiful than a company of young men and young women filled with the spirit of Christ ready for any service, ready to be assigned to any place the Church needs them. Young man! Young woman! Where do you want your life to count the most for time and eternity?

* * *

THE MISSIONARIES SAILING!

Ere you may be reading this September Magazine there will be sailing from New York, (September 15th), the largest party of Missionaries ever going at one time under the Foreign and Women's Boards of the United Presbyterian Church. If nothing fails, the number will be sixty adults and twenty children. The unusal event has greater significance than the mere numbers represented. There are in the party those who, are returning to begin their third and some their fourth term of service. Rev. Dr. David Gordon and wife will begin their twenty seventh year of Foreign Mission service . Dr. Gordon is the son of the pioneer missionary Andrew Gordon, D. D. The significance of this great event—

September 15th, emphasizes the truth of God's favor to the generations that give Him service. But for the faithfulness of the missionary spirit in the Church at home the great spectacle at New York harbor is that large company going into unchristianized lands to live and serve for Christ, could not be made possible. May our earnest prayers follow this company of Missionaries to the end of their long journey. At different dates during the summer other persons have gone, adding to this list quite a number.

* * * * *

The next number, October issue of the Women's Missionary Magazine is the year's story of Egypt. No home in the United Presbyterian Church can afford to be without the Women's Missionary Magazine. Remember OCTOBER is the Women's Missionary Magazine's Mouth. A Magazine in every United Presbyterian home, is the message you might pass along.

CAN YOU ANSWER?

Name the Missionaries at work in the Sudan. Where are the mission stations? Are there any other Missions at work in the Sudan? What do you know of the C. M. S? Tell the story of the Camels and the "Iron Donkey." What is the "Kismet?" What is the "Ramidan?" What does one writer say of the Sudan, its need, what comparison is made by 1st chapter of the Epistle to the Romans? "Many stations have been occupied and in no case has the work been fruitless" who wrote that? and what more did the writer say? "Our hopes concerning the future" sum up the writers arguments. What picture does Miss Coie give of the schools in the northern Sudan? Of the Christian, of the Moslem, of the "G. B. S.?" Where is Medical Mission work done in the Sudan? Can you tell of its beginning if its success, of its needs, its difficulties? Do you think the Medical Missionary has equal chance with the Evangelist or Educational work? What would you suggest to aid the Medical Missionary? Are there any instances of remarkable proof of the need of Medical Missions related in this Sudan number? Suppose you give your imagination a place in contrast with American Hospitals as you read the story. Who are the young women in the Sudan Dispensary? Who are elected to go and and now perhaps on the way there? Suppose you make a call on Mrs. Guthrie some afternoon she is at Doleib Hill, and tell your friends what she says. What she has to eat etc. Make the story as near like as she told you. Where do you find Miss Soule? Dr. Joseph Maxwell, and who are Googook and Longdet? People, people, people, tell the story as it impresses you after you have read "In the Clinic," After you have taken a trip with Mrs. Frances Maxwell and party, tell it to some one that they may know more of the Missionaries at Nasser. Who are the Shullas, how do they differ as a tribe, from other tribes in the Sudan? Wont you read carefully what Mr. Heasty has written as the most appealing message of our Church in America. "Some of the encouragements" as given from Native Evangelists? What are they? "An error in Technic" what do you remember of such difficulties? Who is Ruth Beatty? Where is she located? What are her experiences? Who is Fred Russell? What is he writing about. Do you care for his closing words to the Church at home? Who is "Tom" Lambie? Did you read of any thing in this issue associated with his great plans for Abyssinia? Do you know what all this answer to prayer has to do with the future of Christian Missions in that land? Who has God allowed the privilege of making the hospital in Abyssinia an assured fact. Have you looked into the picture gallery of Christian Missionaries in this issue? What is your obligation after faithfully studying this Sudan—Abyssinia number?

Editor—Women's Missionary Magazine.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

805 Taylor Avenue, Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Address: 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IT IS MORE BLESSED.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, fearlessly give!
Not the wasted drops of the cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud, from the June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Selected.

A THANK-OFFERING MESSAGE TO ALL MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

"I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify Him with thanksgiving." Psalm 69:30.

Every day of the Christians life should be a thanksgiving day. His gifts to us are daily and we should express our gratitude to Him daily. He has spared our lives and again we are planning for the annual "Ingathering." The thank-offering of last year exceeded any previous thank-offering by $9,655.11. (except the special offering of 1920, honoring Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.) What of our coming offering. The desire of all is that the thirty-fifth anniversary offering exceed the offerings of all previous years. The call for more workers and equipment in our fields at home and abroad is urgent. Will you do every thing in your power to have the gifts from your society exceed the amount of last year?

God gave His best gift for us. Will we give Him our best of time, thought prayer and service?

Strive to have each woman in your congregation an active member of the missionary society.

The beautiful "Story the 1921 Thank-Offering blanks tell" should enthuse and stimulate every member to greater effort in 1922.

Give your Thank-Offering Poster a prominent place. Each time you see it thank God for the amount He gave you last year and pray that He will bless your coming offering.

Decide upon the date of your service early and keep this date before the members for several weeks previous to the "Ingathering."

God has blessed the work of the women abundantly this year. When the annual reports were completed it was found that there had been an increase in every department. New societies had been organized, more women were members of the societies, more money had been contributed.

HOW CAN WE SHOW OUR THANKFULNESS?

By working more earnestly for the advancement of His kingdom.

By enlisting every woman into His service.

By pouring into the treasury our thank-offerings. As long as God continues to pour out His richest blessings upon His people, so long will there be abundant reason for gratitude, and as long as there are souls unsaved, there will be need of proving our gratitude by our gifts.

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR THIRTY-FIFTH OFFERING OUR VERY BEST?

Pray for it. Pray daily, pray in your societies and prayer groups.

Work for it. Decide on a goal in excess of last years offering.

Encourage all your members to make daily use of Thank-Offering boxes.

Read to the society the "Story the 1921 Thank-Offering blanks tell."

Advertise your thank-offering service. Send personal invitations.

Plan to observe the week previous to "ingathering" as week of self denial thanksgiving and prayer.

Great blessings are in store for those who wait upon Him.

Keep all interested in Life Memberships and Life Directorships.

Senior Life Membership $25.00 Junior Life Membership $10.00 Life Directorship $300.

In sending these the name must accompany the money. The treasurer of the society sends names and money to the presbyterial treasurer and she in turn sends to the General treasurer.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Order Thank-Offering envelopes and leaflets (free for postage) in time to send out ten days before the date of your Ingathering. Every woman whether a member of the society or not should receive the supplies.

2. Plan to meet the expense to carry on the Thank-offering work in your congregation from the contingent fund of your society, and never—no never take it from the Thank-Offering you receive.

3. Do not retard the work of your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary, and mar the annual report of your General Thank-Offering Secretary by procrastination or failure, to send in your blanks well-filled and on time.

4. Blanks for reports from Women's, Young Women's and Junior Societies, will be mailed to your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary on September 5th. If you fail to get blanks promptly, write her and ask for them.

5. **Do not use your Thank-Offerings:—**

(a) To meet congregational expenses.

(b) To make up congregational pledges to Church Boards.

(c) For church benevolences.

(d) For church or parsonage furnishings or for debt.

(e) For society pledges or contingent expenses.

(f) For any object—**however worthy** it may be—outside of the mission work under the care of the Women's Board.

(g) For New World Movement pledges.

(h) For salary of missionary in home or foreign field.

Please don't cripple the work your society is organized to support, by diverting your Thank-Offerings into any channel outside of that for which the women of the Church are held responsible.

6. The Treasurer of the Women's Board—Mrs. J. B. Hill, 1531 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., closes her books for the 1922 offering on January 1, 1923, hence your offering should be in her hands—through your Presbyterial Treasurer—not later than the middle of December.

7. See that every family in your congregation is well supplied with Senior Thank-Offering boxes for the next year's offering and with the little pink Junior boxes where there are children. Use last year's boxes as far as possible, on account of present cost of same.

8. Order all supplies from 905 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LIFE-MEMBERSHIPS.

Several Thank-Offering secretaries have asked this question—Should I send the names of Life-members to you and the money to the treasurer? No. The names must accompany the money and the money must accompany the names. The society treasurer should send money and names to the treasurer of the presbyterial and she in turn sends money and names to Mrs. J. B. Hill treasurer of the Women's General Missionary Society. After Mrs. Hill receives money and names she gives names to the thank-offering department and the Life-Membership certificates are issued and mailed to the address given to the General treasurer. Please give correct name and address when sending to the presbyterial treasurer and avoid mistakes. We have heard of some who gave the money for Life membership but the names were not sent to the presbyterial treasurer and of course never reached the general treasurer. We are always sorry for any mistakes made in names or address but follow the copy sent by the presbyterial treasurer.

Please send correct name and address with the money for the Life membership.

It is a great privilege and a blessing to be a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society. Won't you work to increase the list of Life members in your society this year?

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STUDY BOOKS AND HELPS, 1922-23.

Foreign.

Building With Indian (Senior,) cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.
How to Use, 15c.
The Wonderland of India (Junior), paper only, 40c.
Guide for Leaders, 15c.

Home.

The Trend of the Races (Senior), cloth, 75.; paper, 50.
Suggestions to Leaders, 15c.
The Magic Box (Junior,) 40c.
Leader's Handbook, 15c.

The helps for leaders for the above books will be ready in September. Orders for same will be filled as soon as supplies are available.

There are other books prepared for classes in intermediate grades which we will not be keeping in stock; but we will be glad to order, in quantities of six or more, for those who wish to organize classes in these studies. They are the same price as the senior books, 75c. in cloth and 50c. in paper.

If you have not yet provided your president with a copy of th "President's Book," send for one now that she may have it for the fall campaign. It will be a great help for her to have it when she is making plans for the winter's work. Price, 15c.

The book of "Recitations and Exercises for Juniors" has been revised and reprinted. It is hoped that superintendents of junior work will find it, as well as the President's Book, a great help to them in their winter's work. It contains exercises for all phases of program work for the juniors. Price, 25.

The new Catalogues are ready for distribution. These contain a complete list of our supplies up-to-date, excepting the mission study books. Later supplies will be printed in this space in the Magazine. We desire that presbyterial literature secretaries will order catalogues in sufficient numbers to provide at least one for each organization in the presbyterial. If ordering a single copy, send 1c. for postage; if ordering in quantities, 5c. per dozen for postage.

Use the new Catalogue in ordering pageants for the autumn meetings. A new pageant, presenting the call from the Sudan and Abyssinia, has been prepared by the Foreign Board. This pageant can be secured from our office for 15c.

NEW SUPPLIES.

For The Thank-Offering

You are planning now for the monthly programs leading up to your annual Thank-Offering service. The following new supplies have been received from the printer this month.

Pageant—The Doctor and The Nurse.
The Story the Thank-Offering Blanks Tell.
Thank-Offering Questions (10 in set).
Duties of Thank-Offering Secretary.
Message to All Missionary Societies.
Self-denial Week.
The Gift without the Giver.
Ella's Missionary Bank.
Mollie's Mite Box.

Send for all supplies to 905 Publication Building 209 Ninth St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD $2.50
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE $1.00
BOTH FOR $3.00.
INCLUDE THIS COMBINATION IN YOUR GIFTS.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,

MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

1503 Dormont Avenue, Dormont, Pa.

MOTTO: "YOU CANNOT HASTEN SUCCESS BY HURRYING."

AIM: MOVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE. "A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETEEN TWO POINTS."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1922—1923.

Pasrur Girl's Boarding School, India. Support asked, $4,324. Salaries of three missionaries in Home Fields: Miss Johnson: Supt. Henderson Hospital, Henderson, N. C. Miss McMillan: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky. Miss Sawhill: City Missionary, Spokane, Washington.

Amount asked, 2,440. Total askings, 6,764. Each society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

"ONE AT A TIME."

We entered the world one by one and so will we pass out. We are so constituted that we can do well only one thing at a time, whether it be by brain, hand or foot. In school we learned—and we know by experience—that only one object can occupy a certain space at the same time. This is a world of ones. The great ocean is a collection of units; the sea shore a multitude of sand grains.

The tendency in this day and generation is to overlook the fact of the unit. An attempt is made to grab up a whole big project and put it through at once. Such a policy is likely to unload a half-baked concern as well as to break down those who tried to go beyond their ability. It is much better in the long run to proceed more slowly and with careful steps. The work will be done better if not so much is covered at one time.

But this tendency to overstep is not limited to accomplishments. Too well do we know that we are prone to carry burdens not meant for our shoulders or at least, not intended for us to bear all at once. John Newton said:—The troubles we have to carry in the course of our natural lives are like a great bundle of fagots—far too heavy for us to lift. But God does not ask us to carry them all at once. He gives us one stick to carry one day and then another to carry tomorrow and so on. That is His way. But we do not follow it. Instead we insist upon increasing our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick again today and adding tomorrow's burden to that." Is that not true to life as you know it? If not, your experience and observation have been exceptional.

The lesson of carrying only the necessary stick, assuming the present burden, is good for the child and for the one who carries more years. It is good for the individual, regardless of her station in life. Those who are carrying heavy business burdens or who are engaged in other "man-size" material jobs do not need this lesson more than the average home keeper. The enthusiastic, earnest Christian worker is likely to burden her fellow-workers with what she has done or hopes to do or is doing and is in special need of carrying the one stick and thus relieving her own shoulders and those of her associates at the same time.

Do you suppose if every member in your society would regard *the work as her work* and would do *her part as it came,* carefully refraining from carrying about an accumulation of duties or of dumping any on her associates, a good many of the troubles that now exist in the average young women's society would vanish? So you see that our burdens may not only crash us but may likewise bear our associate or friend down.

This is September. The work somehow assumes large proportions when you recall the vacation period through which you have passed and look forward to the untried days and measure one with the other. Then you recall the failures of the previous year and see them all the more clearly when you call to mind the success of others, the success you might have had. A slight reflection on one's failures may be good. Too much reflection will weaken. In view of the facts, the best thing to do is to start off with a new life, determined to do things in *the new day,* with the *unhampered*

new strength which is yours. "She has indeed learned a great lesson who has mastered the difficult art of living one day at a time," and, may we add, of purposing to live each day well.

IDA B. LITTLE.

YOUNG WOMEN'S NEW SPECIAL.

While the whole new special has been advertised at the top of first page in the Young Women's Department, since the June number of the Magazine, there may be those who have failed to notice it. Will you please note where the money is to go and how much is required to perform the whole work. Our goal last year was not reached by seven-hundred and fifty some dollars because one-hundred and more societies did not respond with their *dollar per member on the average for this fund.* Begin not later than your October meeting to lay your plans for doing your full share. Did you ever think that when you neglected to do all or even part of your share that some others have to do more than their part in order to accomplish the work? Now, will you please look in the proper place to find the Young Women's Special listed and discover for yourself just what it is and how much will be required to reach the goal. Then, in order to refresh your memory, please read again the account of the work done in Pasrur Girls' Boarding School since the beginning of the School. You will need to look up several magazines in your last year file. Glance over what our special missionaries told us last year, too.

AVALON—BY—THE—SEA.

"Say so" seems to be the proper method to pursue if you know something good or worth while. Who of those who spent July 8 to 17 or only part of that time, at this pleasant seaside resort but will join in the chorus."

As to place, it was ideal. True there were a few mosquitoes, but the little unpleasantness they caused only tended to magnify the other splendid features. Old ocean satisfied all both as to breeze and sport and the beach afforded, a great place for marshmallow and weiner roasts, not to speak of the fine games of base ball played by divines and laymen. Babe Ruth was not there, but dare we hope he might have met his match if he had been? And, yes, there is a "board walk," the delight of all seaside visitors.

The spirit of fellowship was fine. Without this, the program would have largely failed. Harmony of thought and purpose calls out the best from the messenger. There seemed to be a desire on the part of all younger and older, to minister to the best interests of the conference. It was a good game of "follow-the-leader."

And the leader! Just to speak the name—Earl Miller (pardon the absence of prefixes)—causes memory to run back over conferences of other years and to recall the young man who kept things humming. He still does! But our leader had splendid support in the committee from Philadelphia Presbytery consisting of ministers and laymen. Just here let us mention the loyalty of the Philadelphia people in that while many could not attend full time, there were those who ran down for week-ends and "one-hundred some" came early on "Philadelphia day," remaining until the sun was sinking to rest in the west.

But Philadelphia did not furnish all the company gathered daily in Hotel Princeton or the Community House. From Massachusetts to Washington, D. C. and Iowa to Egypt and far north in India they came. It was a goodly company. None better—in quality.

You should have heard the music led by splendid songful leaders, a quartette, or quintette or sextette—as it happened of ministers, perhaps one layman. Carefully selected as they were, it seemed that the Psalms fit any case, any theme, any need. Let us thank God that he has allowed us to help preserve this wonderful book of praise for present day use.

Another splendid feature was the prayer circles held soon after the close of the evening sessions. There was wonderful response, not only in the matter of attendance, but in the part taken by those in the groups, much earnestness being shown as well as faith.

Our Bible hour was unusually interesting and helpful. The messages from

the whole field were most inspiring and quite enlightening. There will be no attempt to enumerate the good things said nor to name the speakers. Should one be omitted, unintentional though it be he might feel slighted. Perhaps it will be sufficient to say that we are proud of the men who lead in our denomination and know of no more likely missionaries, men or women, anywhere than those found on our lists.

The theme of the convention was "love," the love our Master talked of and lived and was and is. The Bible hour and vesper services, sermons and addresses emphasized the theme from one angle or other. So impressed were some of the delegates by the spirit of love manifest throughout the days, and knowing full well that such a spirit does not prevail to a large extent in life out in the world, felt much concern for the days to come. The thought of the last discourse set such minds at rest for does not the Bible teach that Jesus Christ is "the same, yesterday, today and forever?" Therefore He is able and all who rest in Him shall not fall.

May Avalon-by-the Sea continue to be in a growing sense a place where young people and those with more years may gather annually for refreshment of body, mind and soul. A good beginning has been made. May every word and act say, "Forward!"

* * * * *

A young girl in her early 'teens has sent in two short articles of her own will. She attended the New Castle Convention and was so impressed by what she heard that prayer loomed up big as a prime necessity so she wrote out a few thoughts on the subject. Not long afterwards, another short piece was written. There are those older in years and experience who might make the Young Women's pages fairly bristle with pointed articles and glitter with stories of accomplishment, of love and hope. Please do your part.

It might be well to say right here that the Young Women's Department claims as its own the girls just out of the Junior society, so it is well to give a little space now and again to these young contributors.

IDA B. LITTLE.

PRAYER.

Much can be accomplished by prayer "Anything in My name" Jesus said. We should pray for missionaries and their work. We should pray for the officers of mission fields and for the rulers of our nation.

Jesus said, "Ask and ye shall receive."

We should not forget to pray. Jesus commands us to pray. Sometimes when we have something difficult to perform we forget to ask God to help us.

A missionary at the New Castle Convention said he and the nurses always prayed before starting an operation.

It is well to take everything to God in prayer. When we are tempted to do evil we should ask God to help us to be strong enough to resist evil. Jesus said we should pray for our enemies. Sometimes we are tempted to stay away from our Missionary Society because some one will be there that we don't like, or we may be asked to do something. Then is when we should pray to have courage to do whatever we are asked, that is for Jesus sake. We should ask God to give us a loving heart that we may not hate anyone.

DUTY.

What is our duty and do we do our duty?

It is our duty as Christian people to preach the gospel to every creature.

Think of the boys and girls, men and women, in India, Egypt, Sudan, Abyssinia and the many places that do not know of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. They do not know that Jesus died for them as well as for us. Think of the many people that are dying every day without the knowledge of Christ.

Then think of the ones in our own land, in the United States, who do not know of Jesus. It is our duty to go and tell them of Jesus or to give money that others may go. I was asked the other day, do we gain or lose by doing our duty. I think we gain. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.

Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. Eccesiastes, 12:13, 14.

LEONA MILLER.
Mahoning town Pa.
R. F. D. No. 8

Pasrur, India.
June 10, 1922.

Dear Friends:

Has not the past year gone very quickly? Haven't you been happy in giving your gifts for the support of the Pasrur School? Have your interest and prayer life been quickened any by having had this new object for which to labor and pray? Well, we have been very happy in having your support and prayers, and it has helped us wonderfully to know that a great host of young women at home were daily remembering us. We appreciate very much all that you have done for us. In the words of Paul to the Philippians let us say to you "And my God shall supply every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Paul knew of no other way by which to get those dear people rewarded for all that they had done for him, and so it is with us.

We have just closed a splendid year financially. We close the year without a deficit. Besides your gifts some of our friends remembered us, and thus enabled us to do this.

As this is my farewell message to you I have one request to make, and that is that you won't forget to pray for us. Pray hard, for the work is hard, and the problems are many and knotty, and the little nagging things in connection with the discipline of so many typical girls are numberless. Pray harder than ever before for we must see Christ born in the heart of every girl. Be more specific in your praying. Make a real business of it and cause us to have the victory. One of your number wrote me this recently, "I can't tell you what a joy prayer has been to me since the New World Movement Congress. I have prayed for missionaries individually for years, but never as I have done for the past two months. I have been able to find real time for prayer, and, oh, the fellowship with Him and with others through Him is so precious!" May this be the experience of every one of you. We just *cannot* get along without your prayers—plenty of them and very specific. Pray *hard* for us.

May God abundantly bless you in whatever special work you may undertake for Him during this coming year.

School will be closing for two months about the middle of July. Pray for the girls as they go to their homes that they may remember Christ in the little affairs of the daily routine in the home. Pray that all of them may come back who are worthy. We have some who are not very worthy and who give us a lot of concern but we would much rather that they would not come back of their own accord than to have to tell them that they can not return. Maybe you and I haven't prayed hard enough for these girls. Is the Lord not able to make a good girl out of a little thief or out of one who seems to have no conception of right and wrong? I guess He could do it if we just wanted it done badly enough. Let us try it. Pray hard.

Yours for the children of India,
DORA B. WHITELY.

NOTE: We are glad indeed, that this is *not* the Young Womans Special's goodbye to Pasrur Girls' Boarding School. And will not Dora Whitely be glad, too, when she knows she still has the Young Women back of her? May every society come up with its offering this year and its prayers as well.

Excerpts from a personal letter from Miss Whitely—After speaking of the "farewell message to the Young Women," she says "I have not sent you either much or interesting material concerning the School," (we have had none better) "but have done very gladly the little that has been done. Hope they "(the young women)" have been richly blessed through the giving of their gifts and intercession.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE NEW WILMINGTON MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

Thirteen members of the Women's Board and eight representatives of the Foreign Board had a three days Preliminary Conference with the out going party of missionaries in New Wilmington Pa. Aug. 9-11. The following program prepared by Dr. W. B. Anderson was faithfully carried out. All in attendance especially our new missions considered the conference very helpful and of great value.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9TH.

MORNING SESSION.

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
10.00-11.00 The Definition of our Task.
11:00-12:00 How Can We Maintain the Proper Emphasis on Witnessing.
(a) In the Service of our Foreign Missionaries.
(b) In the Indigenous Church.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:30-3:00 Devotional.
3:00-4:00 How Can Our Educational Efforts Best Serve the Indigenous Church.
(a) Evangelism Through the Schools.
(b) Training of the Christian Youth.
4:00-5:00 How Do Medical and Industrial Missions Serve the Church.
(a) The Objective of Medical Missions.
(b) Industrial Training and Social Service.

EVENING SESSION.

7:30-10:00 Social Meeting.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10TH.

MORNING SESSION.

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
10:00-11:00 The State of Development in the Church.
(a) In Egypt.
(b) In India.
(c) In The Sudan.
11:00-12:00 How Solve the Problems of Establishing.
(a) A Self-Propagating Church.
(b) A Self-Supporting Church.
(c) A Self-Governing Church.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:30-3:00 Devotional.
3:00-5:00 The Missionary Needed for Today.
(a) His Commission.
(b(His Physical Fitness.
(c) His Educational Preparation.
(d) His Spiritual Requirements.

EVENING SESSION.

8:00-9:00 Evening Prayers.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11TH.

MORNING SESSION.

9:30-10:00 Devotional.
10:00-10:30 The Missionary and Money
(Group of Returning Missionaries)
I. The Uses of the Furlough.
10:30-10:45 (a) Rebuilding Health.
10:45-11:00 (b) Visiting Special Supporters.
11:00-11:15 (c) Furlough Study.
II. Missionary Cultivation of the Home Church.
11:15-11:30 (a) Personal Contacts.
11:30-11:45 (b) Solicitation of Funds.
11:45-12:00 (c) Platform Messages.
(Group of New Missionaries.)
10:30-11:00 The Missionary and His Devotional Life.
11:00-12:00 The Manual.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2:00-3:00 Devotional.
3:00-3:30 Keeping in Touch with the Home Church.
(Group of Returning Missionaries)
III. The Fall Campaign.
3:30-3:45 (a) The Territory and Dates.
3:45-4:00 (b) The Objectives.
4:00-4:15 (c) The Plan.
4:15-4:30 (d) The Program.
4:30-4:45 (e) The Missionaries Needed.

4:45-5:00 (f) Prayer.
(Group of New Missionaries-Women)
3:30-4:00 The Missionary and Her Health.
4:00-5:00 The Missionary and Her Service.
(Group of New Missionaries-Men)
3:30-4:00 The Missionary and His Health.
4:00-5:00 The Missionary Home.

Men and women had been appointed to open the various topics after which there were open discussions which brought out many questions of interest to all—

Our re-inforcements this year numbers twenty two—viz.

EGYPT.

RETURNING—Miss Ruth Work, Miss Laura B. Walker, Miss Helen J. Martin, Miss May Holland.
NEW—Miss Frances M. Patton, Miss Ruth M. Proctor, Miss Mary F. Dawson, Miss Jane C. Smith, R. N., Miss M. Estella Robertson.

INDIA.

RETURNING—Miss Mary Kyle, Miss Jean Morrison, Miss Flora Jamison, Miss Ella M. Gordon.
NEW—Miss Lorena B. Taylor Miss Mary R. Copeland, Miss Theresa Brownlee, Miss Eunice Cleland.

SUDAN.

NEW—Miss Mary Jane McKnight, Miss Margaret A. Rogers, R. N. Miss Mary Frances Herron, Miss Luella Denny.

ABYSSINIA.

NEW—Isabel Blair.

All the foregoing with the exception of Miss Robertson who sailed last April, Miss Blair who sailed July 28th, and Miss Work who sailed August 1—are booked to sail September 15th.

We must all be much in prayer for a safe and pleasant voyage.

Seventeen had been elected to go out for the first time, but for providential reasons three were kept at home leaving fourteen to go out as new recruits viz. five to Egypt, four to India and the Sudan and one to Abyssinia—Pray that these may go out in the power of the spirit and that the homes from which they go may be richly blessed as they give to the Father "the best they had."

The regular conference opened on the evening of August, 11, and was considered by many to be "the best ever"—There were one hundred and twenty five boys in camp. Many for the first time and all determined to return next year—Mornings were given up to Bible study under the leadership of Dr. W. W. White of New York. Mission study classes and popular lectures—Rev. W. T. Hindley of London and Dr. Dale of Pittsburgh. The last week day morning all were delighted to have the hour taken by Dr. Giffen and his quartette from Knoxville College—Dr. Mills Taylor. Dr. T. A. Lambie. Mr. Fred McMillan, Rev. E. E. Elder and others gave us very instructive and interesting lectures, some of which were illustrated in the evenings, concluding with a pageant "Aba-a-yb" or a "cry for justice" based upon the missing history of the Sudan and Abyssinia—The afternoons were given up to sports of all kinds—base-ball, tennis, swimming, corn roasts and etc.

The Hillside held a capacity crowd of "girls" of all ages which entered with great enthusiasm into every thing. Prayer groups were held in several rooms every night—We are sure that very many have heard "His voice" and are answering "Here am I, Lord, send me" —On the first Sabbath evening a message came to the writer that a gentleman wished to see her. Upon reaching the front porch she found Mr. W. S. George and his son from East Palestine Ohio. A group consisting of Mr. George, Dr. Lambie, Miss Anna Milligan and the writer went into the parlor. Mr George at once stated the object of his visit. He had become very much interested in Dr. Lambie's proposed hospital in Addis Ababa the capital of Abyssinia. He had been informed that it would cost fifty thousand ($50,000) dollars to build it. as he desired a suitable memorial for his deceased mother and wife he was willing to give that sum to the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church for the erection of the hospital in Addis Ababa provided the

board of directors of the Women's General Missionary Society would agree to furnish and equip the institution—Can any one imagine the sensations of the four who listened to this messenger of God. Many of us had been praying that the needed funds for Dr. Lambie's hospital would be secured, but who had ever dreamed that they would come to the Women's Board?

As soon as we recovered from our astonishment a prayer of gratitude was offered.

A few days later a letter was received from Mr. George setting forth his offer in full and stating that the money was available when needed. Plans approved by Mr. George. Dr. Lambie, the Foreign board and the Women's board are to be prepared at once by Mr. J. L. Beatty of Pittsburgh, Pa. who was the architect of Columbia Hospital. The King of Absyssinia has promised all the land needed to Dr. Lambie, who is anxious to cut his furlough short and hasten back to secure the site.

Language fails when we attempt to express our emotions. What are we that God should so honor us as to make us the recipients of such a magnificent gift —the largest we have ever received— and responsible for the erection, equipment and maintenance of the first hospital in this far away country with its twelve millions of inhabitants.

We are sure that every member of our Church—especially the women—will earnestly pray that the Holy Spirit will lead and guide every step in this new and responsible enterprise which has for its object the telling the story of Jesus Christ to all that dark land and relieving the suffering of all who come within its influence—Pray for Mr. George and his family—His wife was a very generous and interested member of Cleveland Presbyterial—active and helpful in all its work. This is not the first manificent gift this man of God has given to his Lord and His Church.

The New World Movement, the American University in Cairo and many other needy objects can testify to his abounding liberality.

No human being asked him to give this gift to the Abyssinia hospital. The Master whispered to him "Do this for me." He promptly replied "Lord I obey" and hurried on the Lord's day to lay his gift of gold at the feet of his mother's SAVIOR.

Dr W. B. Anderson made the announcement in the Tabernacle on the same Sabbath evening, a prayer of thanksgiving was offered and the large audience was deeply impressed with the wonderful working of our God through His chosen follower. Telephones were busy Monday morning sending the glad news to Pittsburgh and other places, dozens of letters were written and every where prayers were offered of gratitude to God and imploring His blessing upon Mr. George His willing instrument. Will everyone who reads this story pray that divine wisdom may be given to Mr. George and Dr. Lambie as they work and plan for this memorial —so that it may be worthy of our Savior and those in whose memory it is to be erected. "Praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works unto the children of men.

THE DEFINITION OF OUR FOREIGN MISSION TASK.

"THE SUPREME AND CONTROLLING AIM OF FOREIGN MISSIONS IS TO MAKE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST THE ONLY BEGOTTON SON OF GOD KNOWN TO ALL MEN AS THEIR SAVIOUR AND TO PERSUADE THEM TO BECOME HIS DISCIPLES; TO GATHER THESE DISCIPLES INTO CHRISTIAN CHURCHES WHICH SHALL BE SELF-PROPAGATING, SELF-SUPPORTING AND SELF-GOVERNING; TO CO-OPERATE SO LONG AS NECESSARY WITH THESE CHURCHES IN THE EVANGELIZING OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN AND IN BRINGING TO BEAR ON ALL HUMAN LIFE THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES OF CHRIST."

BIBLE READINGS FOR WOMENS AND YOUNG WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND MISSION CIRCLES.

"The Bible was given for—

The black and the white,
The slave and the free,
The sick and the Well,
The sad and the happy,
The poor and the rich,
The weak and the strong,
The dull and the wise,
The small and the great,
The young and the old,
The lost and the saved,

The Bible was given for YOU."

Foreword:—The committee herewith presents the first number of the year's readings. These readings will consist of selections based on the fundamentals of the Bible and will appear in consecutive order as nearly as possible. In these days of unrest, unbelief and isms, it is highly important that we know whom we believe and whereof we speak. The Word gives answer if we seek for it. The first topic is "God," without beginning, without end, eternal. In order that readers may begin to read on the first day of the month. October's readings will appear in the September issue of the Magazine, November's in October and so on. The readings found in the August Magazine do not belong to the new series. Will readers kindly keep a record of months you have read. If many members and societies are faithful Los Angeles will hear a stirring report, June 1923.

BIBLE READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

—GOD—

1. God is a Spirit. John 4:1 26.
2. God is eternal. Deut. 33: 26-39
3. God is all powerful. Psalm 29.
4. God sees all things. Dan. 2: 25-30.
5. God is everywhere present. Psalm 139.
6. God is just and righteous. Deut. 32: 1-12
7. God is love. I. Jno. 4: 7-21
8. God made the world. Gen. 1: 1-19,
9. God made the world. Gen. 1: 20-31.
10. God made the world. Gen. 2: 1-17.
11. God made the world. Gen. 2: 18-25.
12. God made the world. John 1: 1-18. through Christ and Holy Spirit. Gen. 1: 2.
13. All was done by Wisdom (Christ personified) Pro. 8: 22-31.
14. Everything was beautiful. Eccl. 3: 1-15.
15. Everything was most glorious. Psalm. 19
16. God made it for Himself. Rev. 4.
17. God has spoken. Heb. 1st chapter.
18. God has spoken audibly. Ex. 19: 16-25.
19. The words he spake. Ex. 20: 1-21.
20. God has spoken by His Spirit. 2 Pet. 1: 12-21.
21. God has spoken by the prophets. Deut. 18: 9-22.
22. God has spoken by the Apostles. Acts 2:1 -14: 36-47. The Bible tells us more than 2600 times that the messages came directly from God.
23. The writings are God's. 2 Tim. 3.
24. The words are God's. 1 Cor. 2: 6-16.
25. God's word shall come true. Matt. 5: 13-20.
26. God's word is final. Isa. 8: 19-22;Heb. 4: 9-16.
27. Obedience to God's word brings success. Josh. 1: 1-11.
28. The word explained. Luke 24: 13-33.
29. Psalm 119: 105-112.
30. Psalm 119: 129-131.
31. Psalm 119: 169-176.

Answers to August Bible Questions.

255. John 18: 38.
256. John 3: 2.
257. Gen. 21: 17.
258. Jude 1: 14.
259. Ex. 5: 2.
260. Zech. 4: 8.
261. Isa. 5: 22.
262. Jeremiah.
263. Acts 10: 34.
264. Luke 19: 8.
265. Acts 12: 23.
266. Neh. 9: 21 (Israel)
267. Acts 16: 14.
268. Acts 18: 24.
269. Acts 19: 24.
270. Judges 11: 30, 31, 39.
271. Judges 4: 8-9; 5: 24-26.
272. Judges 4: 21; 9: 52-57.
273. Judges 9: 7-21.
274. Judges 3: 15; 1 Chron. 12: 1-2.
275. Acts 20: 10.
276. Josh. 7: 21-25.
277. Num. 11: 21.
278. Gen. 27: 30-33 (Isaac); Gen. 48: 17-20 (Jacob)

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

279. What was the name of Samson's birth place?

280. What city was known as "the city of palm trees?"

281. What prophet bound his own hands and feet together?

282. What king had a house of ivory?

283. What two psalms are alike?

284. What reckless driver became a king?

285. Who was called a "ring leader?"

286. Who was Felix?

287. What two animals are mentioned as having had the gift of speech?

288. Who carried from a foreign land two mule loads of earth and why?

289. Who made an altar of his pillow?

290. Who stood between the living and the dead?

291. Who was Aaron's wife?

292. Who were made to drink gold?

293. How many days was Jesus on earth after the resurrection?

294. How many were present in upper room when Peter made his first speech?

295. What was Gideon's battle cry?

296. Where is the first mention of angel? 217

297. What woman received wages for cursing her own child? 216

298. Who preached in a chariot? 210

299. Who is spoken of as being a copper smith? 211

300. What was the total number of Israel that went down into Egypt? 219

Bible Questions Concluded

PARSONAGE REPAYMENTS
April 17, to May 28, 1922

Charton, Iowa	$ 170.00
West Side, Monmouth,Ill.	83.25
North Ave., Baltimore, Md.	77.70
Second Cleveland, Ohio	229.67
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio	82.41
East Toledo, Ohio	23.55
Military Ave., Detroit, Mich.	80.04
Montrose, Colorado,	70.63
Shedd, Oregon	38.85
Jetmore, Kansas	13.88
Oklahoma City, Okla.	30.26
Riverside, California	55.50
Woodlawn, Pa.	160.08
Ewing, Nebraska	111.00
East Toledo, Ohio	23.55
Third St. Louis, Mo.	94.17
Middletown, Ohio	91.58
Burlington, Wash.	47.18
Weiser, Idaho	75.34
Oneonta, N. Y.	27.75
Economy, Ambridge, Pa.	26.00
Total	$1612.39

PARSONAGE REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE 1922.

Roberts, Idaho.	$ 27.75
Twelfth Philadelphia, Pa.	70.63
Monessen, Pa.	80.04
Greeley, Colorado	505.00
Knoxville, Pittsburgh, Pa.	70.63
Lansingville, Youngstown, O.	212.14
Moundsville, W. Va.	70.62
Bristol, Colorado	4.27
Oklahoma City, Okla.	30.26
Hepburn, Iowa	58.85
Eleventh Pittsburgh, Pa.	159.00
Olympic Court, Seattle, Wash.	75.34
Tulsa, Oklahoma	82.40
Assiut, Egypt	388.50
Total	$1835.43

MISCELLANEOUS GIFTS
April 15, 1922 to June 30, 1922.

Mary J. Galbraith	$ 30.00
Ladies Aid, Pleasant Lawn	25.00
Kansas City, Mo., C. E. Society	11.50
Junior Missionary Society, Topeka	10.00
Mrs. Henrietta E. Buck	24.00
Women's Bible Class, Sewickley	25.00
Reid Memorial, Richmond, Indiana,	20.00
Sabbath School Class, Bellefontaine	20.00
Ella Hess	20.00
Women's Bible Class, Topeka	60.00
Mrs. M. Ramsey	30.00
King's Daughters' Class Fowler	6.50
M. Irene Jury	10.00
Ida Noordewier	5.00
Mrs. Wilda M. Burneson	25.00
David M. Stewart	10.00
Elizabeth Gillis	50.00
Kate Mateer	5.00
Women's Bible Class Bellevue	25.00
Elizabeth M. Warden	150.00
Mrs. Weaver White	100.00
Young Girls' Bible Class, Beaver	25.00
Total	$687.00

FIELD SECRETARY NOTES.

MISS KATE HILL, 904 Publication Bldg., 209 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRAYER—ITS POWER.

Miss Kate A. Hill

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how,
Their simple words had power.
At home, the Christians two and three,
Had met to pray an hour."

"Come ye apart" Tuesday 10, A. M.
56 Tuesday Prayer Groups, meeting for ONE HOUR weekly or monthly.

"Only a prayer, yes, only a pray,
For a friend in a distant land.
The Spirit said, 'Pray,' but you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
That some hungry soul was longing so—
Were you 'out of touch' with your Lord?"

A new Prayer Group has been reported at Rochester, N. Y. on the second Tuesday of each month. We hope this is the first of a large number to be formed in this "A year of OPPORTUNITY and PRAYER." Only those that meet for ONE HOUR are included of the list of Tuesday Prayer Groups, but we are always glad to hear of the ten and fifteen minute groups that meet.

"Where there are great opportunities, there are great obstacles."

"Some obstacles can be removed only by repeated blows from the hammer of prayer."

Pray for those who have grown a bit discouraged at hammering away at the same old obstacles. May their weary hands be strengthened that they may be able to grasp firmly the powerful weapon of PRAYER.

REPORTS.

"Annual Reports are read, marked and inwardly digested by three classes of people generally speaking.

1. Those who make them.
2. Those who want to know whether the department is properly conducted and so justifies its existence.
3. Those who are connected with the department, or think they ought to be."

Have you read the July Magazine with all its Reports?

Have you a copy of the Statistical Report? Every Presbyterial officer should have one to make comparisons with previous years, to get addresses of presidents, to know where there should be new organizations, etc, etc.

May I call the attention to the secretaries of societies and the corresponding secretaries of Presbyterials to two mistakes found constantly in going over the Statistical Report. The first is insufficient address. I found such addresses as these, "Mrs Halburg, Youngstown" "Mrs Warner, St Louis." No one can supply the initial, name of street, or number after the report leaves your hands. Just a little thought on your part will make the Statistical Report of greater value.

Many names of societies and persons are incorrectly spelled. You did not write it plainly, so the printer not having visited you as a field secretary does not know what it should be so has made the "u" an "a," the "o" and "a" etc, etc.

So many of our societies have a special name. In sending your report be sure to indicate whether it is a report from a Women's Missionary Society or a Young Women's Missionary Society.

W. G. M. S. SLOGAN 1922 1923

Opportunity and Prayer

B I have set
E before you an
OPEN DOOR
H and no man
O can
L shut
D it.

Rev. 3: 6

As ye have therefore
OPPORTUNITY
Gal. 6; 10

PRAY YE
the Lord of the harvest.
Matt. 9. 38

Draw or paste here an open door.

This was used as a poster by the K. H. Y. W. M. S. of First Rock Island, Ill.

W. C. T. U. IN INDIA.

Many of us will remember the early days of the Prohibition Movement in the United States. How the W. C. T. U. in all parts of the country would meet day after day for prayer, praying that the saloon would be driven from our land. Some of us remember too how the saloon men would sneer and laugh with scorn at these "poor feeble women" and remark, "What can they do?" It is a different story now. The saloon men are not laughing now. They did not understand then, they do not understand now, for they do not understand prayer. They do not know that God does answer prayer.

Thus it is and will be in India. These are the early days in the Prohibition Movement in India. The W. C. T. U. is being organized all over India. Big handfuls of praying women, wearing the white ribbon are organizing and meeting for prayer, are meeting to pray that the saloon will be driven from India. The saloonmen and in some cases men in high authority are looking on with glee and saying, "What can these poor, foolish, weak women do?" But they too will understand. They do not know that God does answer prayer and one day, very soon, almost before anyone expects it, the saloons will be driven out of India as they were driven out of America, in answer to the prayers of these women wearing the white ribbon

The W. C. T. U. and the United Presbyterian Church should be very proud of the one who has been chosen to have a very wonderful part in this great Prohibition Movement. Our own Miss Mary J. Campbell has been chosen as the one around whom this great movement is being gathered. She is going to all parts of India with her cry against the saloon. She is being greeted by great crowds. People love her and love her message because she loves them, and we believe it can be truthfully said that there is no Christian leader, outstanding and known, and with such wonderful influence in all the missions in all Churches in India as Mary J. Campbell. Whereever she goes, all up and down India, she takes Jesus Christ with her, and in some cases she has been able to have evangelistic meetings when she could not have a prohibition meeting.

The W. C. T. U. has been helped all over India by the missionaries. We visited Lucknow and met Mrs. F. B. Price, the President of the W. C. T. U. and a woman who is giving her life to the work. Dr. F. B. Price is Editor of the India Witness, the great Methodist paper. We attended the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in session at Allahabad and visited with members from over India. We talked to missionaries of the Baptist and Christian Churches and they all spoke of Mary J. Campbell as one great Christian worker and leader, known and loved in all the missions of India.

FRED C. MACMILLAN.

Miss Campbell is now in this country for a few months previous to the great world's W. C. T. U. meeting in November, at Philadelphia Pa. where more than forty countries will have a representative woman as delegate. Miss Campbell will then return to India to complete the five year program made out for her.

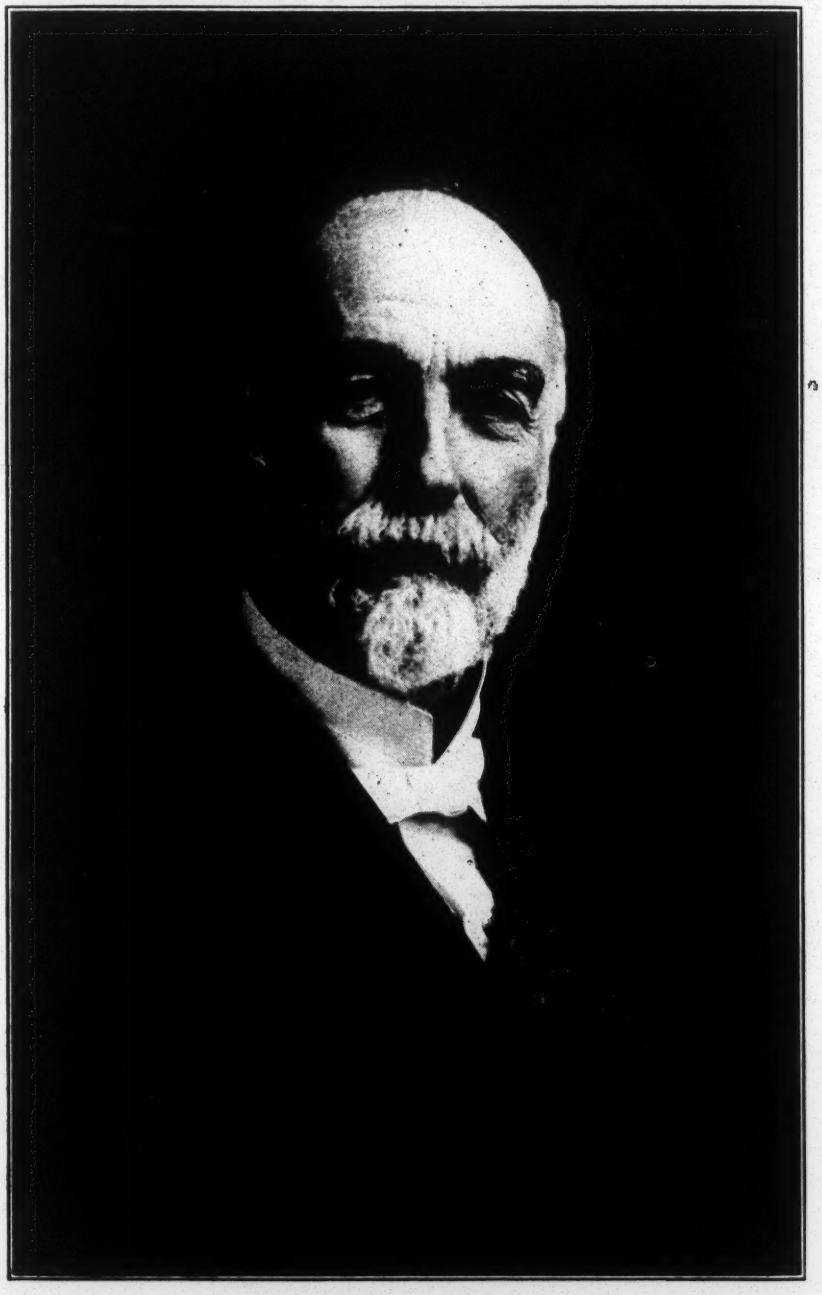
EDITOR.

Treasurer's Report From April 15, to June 30, 1922.

PRESBYTERIALS	Foreign Missions	Foreign Salaries	Home Missions	Indian Missions	Freedmen's Missions	Ch. Ex. and Parsonage	Junior Special	Young Women's Special	Ministerial Relief	Contingent Fund	Womens' Asso Work: Orphans' Home	Womens' Asso Work: Home for Aged People	Womens' Asso Work: Columbia Hospital	Isaiah 41:6	Temperance	New World Movement	Miscellaneous	TOTAL
Albany		30.00	2.00						2.00	1.00				4.00	1.00			40.00
Allegheny	663.00	300.00	137.00	41.00	43.00	13.00		74.00	62.00					18.00	5.00			1356.00
Argyle		259.00																259.00
Big Spring																500.00		500.00
Butler	45.00	88.00	40.00	15.00	29.00	7.00	44.00	5.00		5.00				1.00				279.00
Chartiers			15.00					25.00										40.00
Chicago	40.00		40.00	18.00	120.25				5.00						2.00			225.25
Garnett	10.00	16.00	3.00		2.00		8.00											39.00
Indiana		5.00								2.50				1.00				8.50
Keokuk	25.00	101.00	29.00	10.00	19.00	6.00	3.00		3.00	3.00				2.00	1.00			202.00
Monmouth	4.00	95.00	17.00	6.00	12.00			38.00	6.00		2.00			2.15	19.00			201.15
Monongahela	215.00	800.00	265.00	20.00	232.00	15.00		60.00	20.00	30.00					25.00			1682.00
Omaha																150.00		150.00
Oregon	12.00	70.61	15.00	11.00	3.00	3.00	8.00		3.00	2.00	2.00			9.00	6.00			144.61
Philadelphia	142.00	270.00	21.00	19.00	15.00	9.00		22.00	8.00	1.00				10.00	7.00			524.00
Rock Island	10.00		7.00		2.00									1.00		300.00		320.00
San Francisco	12.00	160.00	19.00	11.00	14.00			39.00										255.00
Spokane		15.00																15.00
Tennessee	133.00																	133.00
Texas		55.25		2.00	2.00	2.00												61.25
Vermont	8.52																	8.25
Westmoreland	219.00	174.00	108.00	19.00	50.00	3.00		35.00	19.00	3.00				5.00	2.00			637.00
The Beatty Family		150.00																150.00
Helen T. Brown		60.00																60.00
Anna A. Milligan		600.00																600.00
Mr. and Mrs. Archie Morrison																400.00		400.00
Norris Square S. S.		200.00																200.00
Rochester N. Y. Cong &S.S.		100.00																100.00
Sparta Cong.		200.00																200.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Taylor		800.00																800.00
1st Toledo Cong.																200.00		200.00
2nd Washington, Ia Cong.																150.00		150.00
Annuities																	3200.00	3200.00
Returned on Loans						3447.82											400.00	3847.82
Frenchburg School			1642.12															1642.12
Industrial Departments					34.35													34.35
Interest	583.57									1600.15							508.00	2691.72
Investment Income																	3587.06	3587.06
New World Movement																49302.20		49302.20
Convention Offering	271.55																	271.55
West Union Cong.	500.00																	500.00
Refunds	290.87		15.00	2.00	19.68				355.14					22.35			150.00	855.04
Individuals, Societies, etc	491.50	16.50	105.00	49.00	15.00		10.00											687.00
Conemaugh Y. P. C. U.			205.75															205.75
Sale of Manuals					1.50													1.50
TOTALS	$3676.01	$ 4565.36	$2685.87	$ 223.00	$ 613.78	$3505.82	$ 73.00	$ 298.00	$ 483.14	$1647.65	$ 4.00			$ 75.50	$ 68.00	$51002.20	$ 7845.06	$76766.39

MRS. J. B. HILL, Treasurer, 1531 Denniston Ave., Squirrel Hill Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"THE RENAISSANCE OF EGYPT." (See page 131.)



REV. JOHN GIFFEN D. D.

Missionary to Egypt.

1875——1922.